

# The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1904.

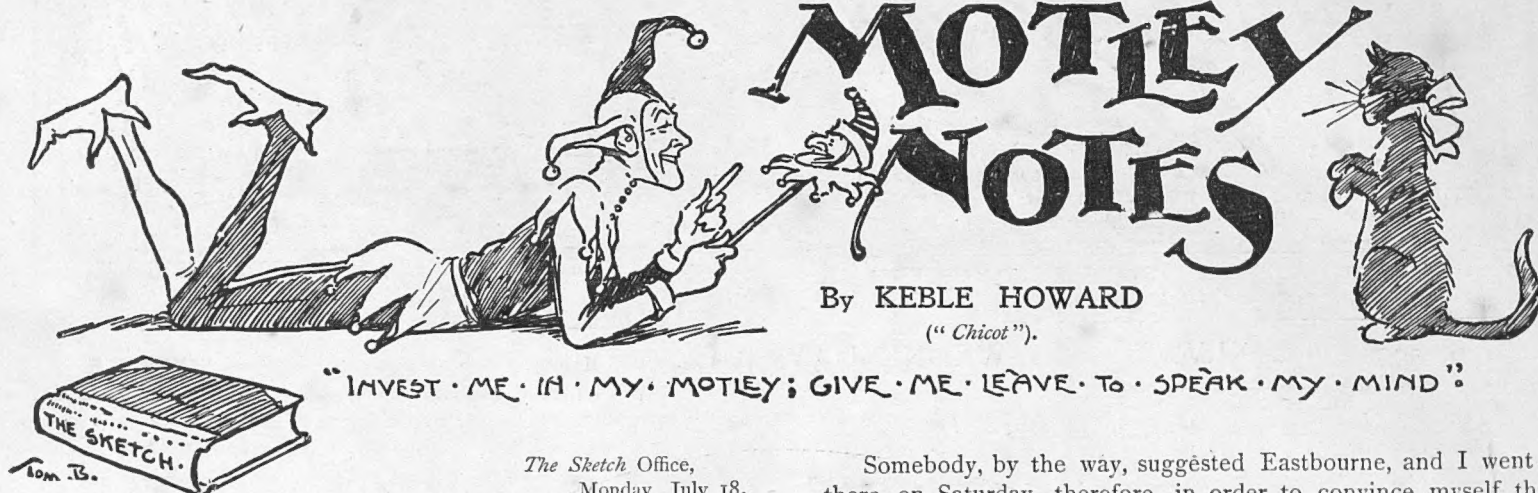
SIXPENCE.



[Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.]

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS JULIA NEILSON,  
NOW PLAYING IN "SUNDAY" AT THE COMEDY.





"WELL," said the Fatuous Man, "can you manage to keep warm?"

Now, an the weather be normal, I have almost a liking for fatuous men. They smile at one so amiably, they put up with one's ill-temper so patiently that he would be a churl indeed who could find it in his heart to quarrel with their fatuity. When one has spent a harassing morning, however, when one is tired, hungry, worried, and perspiring, the Fatuous Man is running a grave risk if he goes out of his way to inquire whether one can manage to keep warm.

At any rate, I just grunted, and went on washing my hands.

"Not gone away for your holiday, then?" he continued.

"No," I replied, coldly.

"I suppose you'll be going soon?" the Fatuous Man hinted.

"Very likely."

"And where do you think of going?"

"Dunno."

"Not decided, I suppose?"

"I suppose not."

A pause. Then, "My wife and the children are at Folkestone," he volunteered.

"Really."

"Yes. I hope to join them at the end of the week."

"Do."

"Eh?"

"I said, do you?"

"Yes." A pause. "Ever been to Folkestone?"

"Once."

"Not more than that?"

"Twice, perhaps."

"Fancy! I've been there dozens of times."

No answer.

"I say, I've been there dozens of times."

"I heard you."

"Yes. Nice place."

"Is it?"

"Don't you think so?"

"Yes, yes; a splendid place."

By this time, I was toiling up the stairs to the Club luncheon-room. The Fatuous Man followed me.

"Going to lunch?" he said. "I'll join you."

And he did.

As a matter of fact, I was speaking the whole truth when I told the Fatuous Man that I didn't know where I should go for my holiday. The problem has been before me for several weeks, and the more I think about it, the more I read the advertisements in the newspapers, the more I study the lists of "Seaside and Country Lodgings" published by the railway companies, the more I discuss the question with my friends, the further I find myself from the solution. Once upon a time, I had decided to board a tramp steamer journeying southwards. My friends were aghast. "You will be roasted alive!" they cried. Next I discovered a charming retreat on the south coast. "South coast!" my friends exclaimed; "the most relaxing place you could go to. You won't be able to move hand or foot!" Discouraged, but still hopeful, I suggested a cycling trip through the Lake District. My friends shrugged their shoulders, and sought corroboration of their attitudes in each other's faces. "The Lake District," they explained, "is hilly, and overcrowded, and rainy. Why not go somewhere else?" I beseeched them to mention a place, no matter how remote, that would meet with the approval of the majority. The result was an argument—fierce, loud, and long. Before it was half through I had offered to remain in London.

Somebody, by the way, suggested Eastbourne, and I went down there on Saturday, therefore, in order to convince myself that the possibilities of the place could be exhausted in twenty-four hours. My train arrived about five o'clock, and ten minutes later I was taking tea in the hall of a certain hotel on the Front. The hotel, I had been informed at the office, was very full, but there were not many visitors to be seen at tea-time. I supposed that they were dressing, with elaborate care, for dinner. At any rate, with the exception of an old gentleman snoring in a corner, and the five or six cynical musicians who had been hired to play classical music whilst I sipped my tea, the hall was empty. I amused myself by studying the architecture of the hall, the back-hair of the leading violinist, and the large hand of the complacent-looking clock. Every now and then, a shy waiter peeped round a distant corner to see whether I required more tea. Had he been an Englishman, I think I should have coaxed him from his hiding-place to talk to me about the beauties of Beachy Head or the situation in the Far East. Unfortunately, the English waiter is a person of the past. He may still be found, I am told, in one or two of the old-fashioned London hostelries, but the seaside town, no matter how humble or remote, knows him no more.

After tea, I earned the scorn of the waiters, and the hall-porter, and the other members of the hotel staff by going for a stroll on the Front. For all I know, it isn't even called the "Front," and I am willing to admit that the title seems more than a little flippant when applied to that straight, white stretch of decorous roadway. When, very gently, I crept from the grounds of the hotel, there was not a soul to be seen. A little later, a solitary cyclist appeared. I welcomed the sight of him, although I could not disguise from myself that anything so common as a bicycle was hopelessly out of place. To be sure, the fellow was soon gone, and I was left to enjoy my orgie of respectability in stately solitude. Convinced, by this time, that every person in Eastbourne, resident or visitor, Duke or stable-boy, was dressing for dinner, I began to wish that I had taken the trouble to pack a dress-suit. Should I return to the hotel by some back-way, effect a secret entrance, and take dinner in my bedroom? Pshaw! This was mere weakness. I would return and brave the matter out.

The dining-room was quite full, and all the diners were immaculately garbed. A soft-hearted waiter, risking dismissal, found me a tiny table in a dark corner, and I was allowed to take my food in the ordinary way. The groups, I took the liberty to note, were mostly made up of fathers, mothers, and eldest daughters. Here and there the monotony was broken by the presence of a small boy or girl, whilst one giddy party actually included a young man. The other tables, naturally enough, preferred to ignore the young man. For my part, I could not help wondering what would happen if the daring fellow should suddenly take it into his head to glance at the eldest daughter. I believe that I even hoped for some such outrage. My interest in the romance waned, I fear, when I discovered that the young man was drinking soda-water, and the eldest daughter ginger-beer.

Dinner over, we adjourned to the hall to sip weak coffee and listen to the six cynical musicians. At ten of the complacent-looking clock, everybody bowed to his neighbour and retired to rest. For myself, being by this time reduced to a state of utter recklessness, I put on a cap, lit a pipe, and strolled to the top of Beachy Head. It was deliciously cool on the top of Beachy Head. And below, sleepily smug, lay the sea.



OUR LITTLE SUMMER: LONDONERS AT PLAY.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.





*The New Army Scheme—The Advance on Lhasa—The Gurkhas.*

NO doubt the politicians will fight over Mr. Arnold-Forster's Army Bill, and I am sure that the old soldiers in the Clubs will find much subject for talk in it. With any such disputations I have nothing to do. From the mere spectacular point of view, the British public is likely to be a loser by the new arrangements. The Guards and the fifteen thousand men of the expeditionary force we shall still have with us, but an ordinary home infantry battalion of five hundred men will scarcely show any men at all to the general public, so great will be the drain on it for fatigues, guards, and other duties which absorb men and keep them off parade.

The advance to Lhasa has begun. It has been inevitable all along, as anyone who knows the Tibetan character must have foreseen; but every chance had to be given to the Lamas, who have used to the uttermost the anxiety of the Indian Government, not to fight unless absolutely necessary. When the entry into the capital is made, I hope that the 8th Gurkhas will be found at the head of the column, as a reward for the splendid work they did in the attack on the Gyangtse Jong. It would be especially gratifying to the Gurkhas, for the Tibetans are their hereditary enemies, and, as Tibet lies right along the northern border of Nepal, there have been many fights between the two nations at the passes in the mountains.

When a Gurkha tells tales over a camp-fire his subject is generally either some Homeric fight with Tibetans in which the Nepalese cut up their adversaries like sheep with their kukris or a tale of the doings of the great Maharajah, Jung Bahadur, the Prime Minister of Nepal, when he came down into India to help the British at the close of the Mutiny. While we were locked in our life-and-death struggle with the revolted Sepoys, we would take no help from the Nepalese, who offered to march from their hills to our assistance; but when we had broken the back of the Mutiny we asked the Nepalese to clear Kumaon, a hilly province on their border, of the scattered bands of our enemies.

Then the great Maharajah marched down from the hills, and, though a British official accompanied him, his methods were not at all soft-hearted. He killed right and left, and, if there was a satisfactory average of mutineers amongst the men shot, he was quite content. He took back to his own country many carts laden with loot. He was a very fine fellow and a very terrible fellow, this Maharajah, who came over to England in his day and was very royally entertained, and when he lay dying, mauled by a tiger he had wounded during a shooting-trip in the Terai, he gave orders that any man who told the real cause of his death should have his tongue cut out and his face slit across, for he was ashamed that it should be known that any tiger should be able to kill the Prime Minister of Nepal.

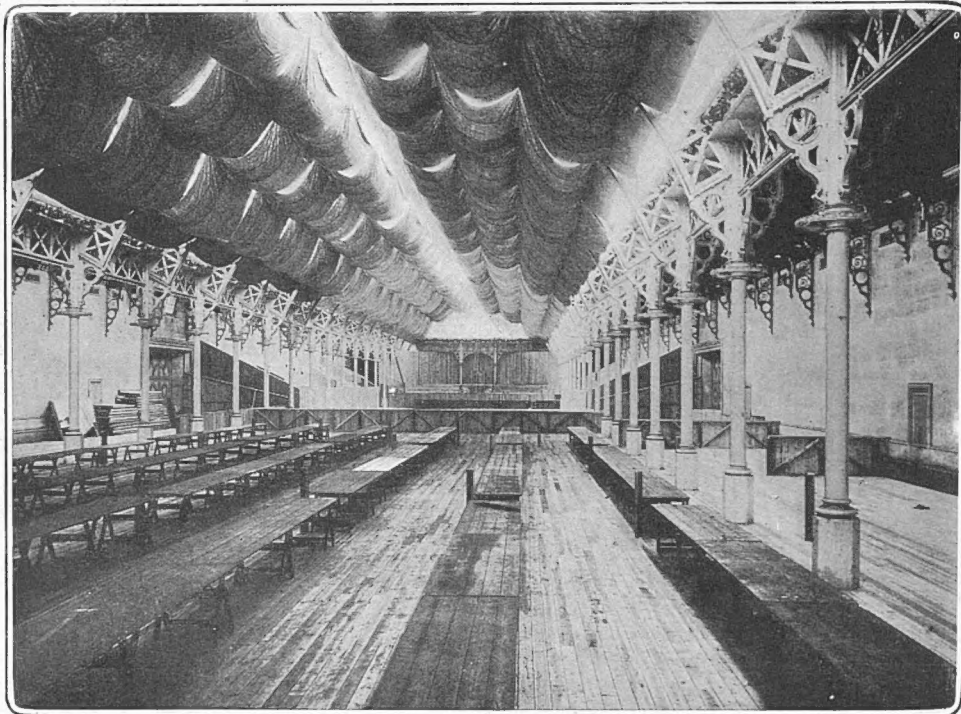
The Nepalese have a very efficient army, which Lord Roberts once journeyed to Khatmandu to inspect, but, curiously enough, they recruit very few of the same class of men from whom we form our Gurkha regiments. Most of the Nepalese regiments are long-nosed Brahmins, the type of the ruling race in Nepal. The Magyars and the Gurungs, who are the backbone of some

of the most famous of our Indian regiments, come from the mountain-sides a long way off from the capital.

No white man is allowed into Nepal without especial permission. A British Resident lives at Khatmandu, the capital, but he may not move out of the valley in which the town is situated, and he is virtually a prisoner, though his imprisonment is an agreeable or a disagreeable one according to whether the British Government is on good terms or bad with the Nepalese Durbar. The British officials on the border are permitted to shoot a certain number of tigers yearly in the Nepalese Terai, and, when any very distinguished visitor goes to India, the Nepalese always invite him to shoot in their territory, where he gets the best tiger-shooting in the world. But, with these exceptions, no white man goes into the Nepalese territory, and there is only one path to Khatmandu along which Englishmen have been.

The Gurkhas are recruited by their own kith and kin. A British recruiting officer establishes his office on the border, and selected men from the Gurkha regiments go across, repair to their own villages, are liberal with money and spirituous drink, tell their friends and relations what fine fellows the Gurkhas are considered in the British Service, and reappear at the border with three or four almost naked recruits, as splendidly formed as bronze statues, with smiling, delightfully ugly faces above their perfect limbs. They are so keen that nothing will satisfy them except to begin to learn their drill

the moment they have been enlisted. When the Nepalese Durbar is sulky with the British Government, the first way in which it becomes apparent is by the decreased numbers of recruits who are allowed to cross the frontier.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S AUTUMN CAMPAIGN:  
THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S GREAT RIDING-SCHOOL AT WELBECK ABBEY PREPARED FOR THE FIRST AGRICULTURAL MASS-MEETING UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE.

*Taken by the Sherwood Photo. Company, Mansfield.*

largest in the world, with the possible exception of that at Moscow, and arrangements have been made to accommodate a gathering of nearly twelve thousand people. From the spot where Mr. Chamberlain will stand to the other end of the building the distance is more than a hundred yards, but behind the speaker there will be a sounding-board so placed that each member of the vast audience will be able to hear with ease. No fewer than twelve ample exits have been provided, large enough to ensure safety in almost any contingency, and it is expected that, in addition to the great assemblage in the building, nearly double the number will congregate in the park.

The Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts are advertised to begin on Aug. 6, a date earlier than that selected for any previous year; London, therefore, will not remain long without music. The season is to last for a period of eleven weeks; that is, until Oct. 21. Mr. Henry J. Wood will, of course, be the conductor, and Mr. Robert Newman has issued a prospectus of much interest, with an imposing list of artists. Among the singers will be found Mrs. Wood, Madame Emily Squire, Miss Edith Kirkwood, Miss Hope Morgan, Miss Grainger Kerr, Miss Janet Duff, Mr. Gervase Elwes, Mr. John Harrison, Mr. Denham Price, Mr. W. A. Peterkin, Mr. H. Evan Williams, and Mr. William Higley. Among the pianists will be found Miss Adela and Miss Mathilde Verne, Mdlle. Mania Seguel, Mr. Schönberger, Mr. Egon Petri, Mr. Donald Francis Tovey, and Mrs. Norman O'Neill. The violinists include such names as Madame Beatrice Langley, Mr. Francis Macmillen, Miss Elsie Playfair, and Mr. Henry Verbrugghen, the latter being also the leader of the Queen's Hall Orchestra. There are many other engagements pending, and one expects that Mr. Wood will, of course, be zealous in his productions of new works.

Mr. Chamberlain has now commenced what may be termed the second phase of his campaign in the cause of Fiscal Reform, for at the Albert Hall on Thursday last he addressed an enthusiastic assemblage of Unionists. On Aug. 4, however, he will make an appeal to quite another class, for the audience at Welbeck will in the main be composed of agricultural labourers and members of the artisan class. The Riding-School lent by the Duke of Portland for this occasion is the



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Victoria ... ..	6 20	10 30	11 35	1 42	3 55	...	4 55	7 22
*Kensington ... ..	6 8	10 16	11 16	1 26	3 35	...	4 27	6 53
London Bridge ... ..	6 35	10 25	11 35	1 50	4 0	4 55	5 0	7 18

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*Kensington ... ..	6 57	8 9	8 40	...
London Bridge ... ..	7 10	8 45	...	9 40

\* Addison Road. A—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares 17s. 10d., 11s. 8d., 10s. 0d. B—To Singleton, Third Class Return Fare 10s. 8d. C—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, First Class 20s., Second Class 15s. D—To Drayton and Chichester, First Class only, Return Fare, 25s.

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Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

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WEEK-DAYS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
London (King's Cross) ... dep.	5 15	5 20	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 0	10 10	10 20	10 35	10 55	11 25	11 30	11 45
Sheringham arr.	10 10	10 13	11 15	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Cromer (Beach) ...	10 25	1 25	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Mundesley-on-Sea ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Skegness ... ..	...	9 29	11 20	1 15	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Ilkley ... ..	10 10	...	12 41	...	2 3	...	...	...	3 46	...	...	...	...
Harrogate ... ..	10 42	10 42	1 0	...	2 20	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Scarborough ... ..	...	11 15	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Whitby ... ..	...	12 19	...	3 45	...	4 23	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Filey ... ..	...	11 37	2M59	3 34	3 38	4D37	...	...	5 0	4 37	...	...	...
Bridlington ... ..	...	11 36	2M18	2 40	3 7	4D7	...	...	...	4 7	...	...	...
Redcar ... ..	...	12 7	...	...	...	3 56	...	...	...	...	5 20	...	...
Saltburn ... ..	...	12 22	...	...	...	4 12	...	...	...	...	5 30	...	...
Seaton Carew ... ..	...	11 55	...	...	...	3 54	...	...	...	...	5 28	...	7 42

WEEK-DAYS.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) ... dep.	12 30	1 30	1 40	2 0	2 20	3 0	3 25	3 45	4 15	5 45	6 15	10 30	11 45
Sheringham arr.	...	...	...	5 43	...	7 3	...	...	...	9 30	...	...	...
Cromer (Beach) ...	...	...	...	5 50	...	7 15	...	...	...	9 45	...	...	...
Mundesley-on-Sea ...	...	...	...	...	6 37	...	8 37	...	...	...	...	...	...
Skegness ... ..	4 58	...	5 30	...	...	...	...	...	7 25	9 45	...	7 50	...
Ilkley ... ..	...	6 8	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8 47	...
Harrogate ... ..	...	...	...	...	6 58	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Scarborough ... ..	...	...	...	...	7 10	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Whitby ... ..	...	...	...	...	7 52	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Filey ... ..	...	...	...	...	8 30	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Bridlington ... ..	...	...	...	...	8 58	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Redcar ... ..	...	...	...	...	8 17	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Saltburn ... ..	...	...	...	...	8 33	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Seaton Carew ... ..	...	...	...	...	8 13	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

\* Through Carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these trains. + Through Carriages to Harrogate by these trains. || Mondays only. A—On Sunday Mornings arrives Filey 11.34, Bridlington 12, Redcar 7.56, Saltburn 8.12, and Seaton Carew 9.38. B—First and Third Class Breakfast, Luncheon, or Dining Car Express from London. C—On Sunday Mornings is due Ilkley at 11.34, Harrogate 8.4. D—On Saturdays arrives Filey 4.26 p.m., Bridlington 3.52. E—Will not be run on Mondays or Wednesdays and will not run after Aug. 20. F—On Sunday mornings arrives 8.15. G—Saturdays only. H—On Saturdays arrives 8.11 p.m. J—Saturdays excepted. K—Not on Sunday Mornings. L—On Bank Holidays leaves King's Cross 5.15 a.m. M—Due Filey 2.13 p.m., Bridlington 1.39 on Saturdays. N—From Aug. 1 to Sept. 10. S—Bank Holidays excepted.

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OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

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Photograph by Blampsey Brothers, Islington.

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JULY 23.

BISLEY SKETCHES.

'ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN'  
AT THE GARRICK.

THE KING IN LIVERPOOL.

The Queen in the East End.

THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER.

THE  
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS  
JULY 23.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.





GOSSEN

# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

SWANSEA is preparing to give their Majesties a right royal Welsh welcome. The King and Queen have pleasant recollections of the thriving harbour-town. On the last occasion of their visit there they stayed with the late Lord Swansea and his clever wife, the latter an intimate friend of Her Majesty, who, together with the King, stood sponsor to Miss Alberta and Miss Alexandra Vivian. This afternoon (20th), the Sovereign and his

Consort will have tea with Mr. Graham Vivian, who is entertaining a very distinguished party in honour of the Royal visit. Of course, the principal reason why their Majesties are going on to Wales from Liverpool is in order to inaugurate the Birmingham Waterworks, which will in future provide Mr. Chamberlain's city with the purest of pure water. The King will perform the picturesque ceremony of starting the water on its long-hidden journey, and it is estimated that the stream will take twenty-four hours to cover the seventy-three miles separating the valley where Rhayader is situated from Birmingham.

## Princess Christian at Pretoria.

Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria, are going to South Africa next month on a sad errand, namely, to see Prince Christian Victor's tomb at Pretoria. It is expected that their Royal Highnesses will take the opportunity of making a tour of inspection of the hospitals, both military and civil, in the various Colonies, but the

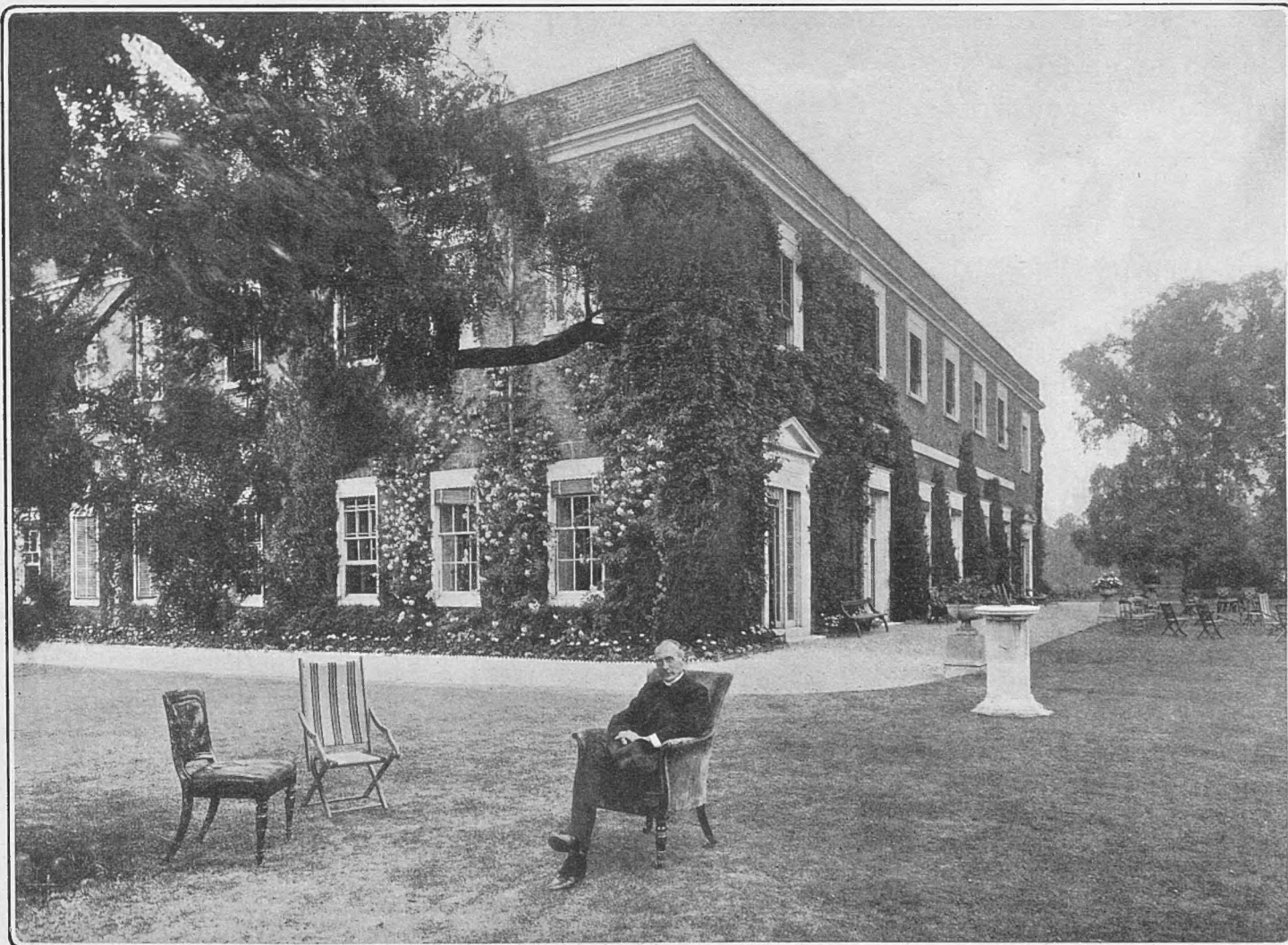
visit is to be as unofficial in character as possible. Both the kindly and genial Princess and her daughter ought to know a good deal about hospitals, for they are indefatigable in opening these institutions, as well as bazaars, &c., in aid of them. It is not generally known that Prince Christian Victor suggested to his mother the idea which has since developed into the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, with which is connected the scheme for regimental cottage-homes for disabled soldiers in memory of the young Prince so sadly cut off in the flower of his age.

## The Prince's Tomb.

What the bereaved mother and sister will see in the beautiful cemetery at Pretoria is a cross, in the early Irish style, of Scottish granite from Balmoral. A low railing made from old cannon of the year 1837 encloses the grave, and the cross bears the record of the Prince's six campaigns and some texts. It is simple enough, especially compared with Mr. Emil Fuchs's monument to him in the Bray Chapel, at St. George's, or Mr. Goscombe John's statue at the top of the "Hundred Steps," at Windsor. Prince Christian Victor always wished to be buried wherever he might die, if on active service. "What's good enough for the men is good enough for me," he used to say.

## The Prince and the Union Jack Club.

To-morrow (21st) the Prince of Wales will have a busy day, for, in addition to His Royal Highness receiving at Marlborough House the proud recipients of medals and other honours for gallantry in saving life on land, he will lay the foundation-stone of the Union Jack Club in Waterloo Road. The ground on which the Club is to be erected is almost exactly opposite the exit from Waterloo Station, and it may be safely asserted that no more admirable memorial of the gallantry of our soldiers and sailors and Marines has been contemplated than that which will cater for all sailors and soldiers who find themselves adrift in London. There will be pleasant dining-rooms, reading-rooms, and smoking-rooms, a fine billiard-room, and a number of bedrooms.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON IN THE GROUNDS OF FULHAM PALACE.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."



*Gagged Mr. Healy.* When Mr. Healy entered the House of Commons twenty-four years ago amid the passionate applause of the Nationalists, who could have foretold that he would live to be shouted down by his former friends and described as a "traitor"? This was his fate a few days ago, when he supported a Land Bill which Mr. Redmond opposed and when he taunted that leader on the high price obtained for his own land. Several of the famous Irishmen who were conspicuous for a couple of decades are almost silent now. Mr. Healy prefers to attend to his profession in Dublin instead of squabbling and wasting time at Westminster, but when he comes over he makes his presence felt. Somehow, he always recovers possession of his favourite corner.

*A Conservative Convert.*

While the Conservatives have recently lost several members, they are about to gain a convert from the Irish Opposition in Major Jameson. The Major is a slashing, dashing speaker, and is always dressed "to the nines." He has been in the 18th Royal Irish, 20th Hussars, and Queen's Own Worcestershire Hussars; he has also been a Government Inspector of Factories and manager of a distillery in Dublin. It appears that Major Jameson has been favourably inclined towards the Conservatives on account of their land policy in Ireland. He is also one of the most thorough-going supporters of the Licensing Bill to be found in any part of the House. The recent shouting-down of Mr. Healy excited his sympathy, and he showed it by seating himself beside the assailant of the Nationalist Party.

The late Duke of Richmond, although created Duke of Gordon in January 1876, never took his seat in the House of Lords under the latter title, although he was very proud of it. His son, who succeeded last year, has, however, taken a seat in both capacities. One day he signed the roll and sat, by descent, as Duke of Richmond. A few days later he reappeared and was formally introduced by two Peers of the same rank as Duke of Gordon. The new dual Duke is nearly sixty years old and has been twice a widower. Well known as a Militia officer, his first vote in the House of Lords was given in support of the Earl of Wemyss's motion on the Militia ballot. By his entrance to the Upper House he resumes the Parliamentary career which he had among the Commons from 1869 to 1888. The Duke owns 286,500 acres. Most of his property is in Scotland, but he is known to everybody as the owner of Goodwood.

*"Booth" Island?* The belief expressed by a contemporary that the island offered to General Booth is Anticosti, whether it be fact or not, has at least the merit of being interesting from the somewhat singular history of the place. It is the island, belonging to M. Henri Menier of chocolate fame, that at one time looked like becoming an international problem. M. Menier bought its million and a-half acres or so for forty thousand pounds, and at once created, in the eyes of amateur and professional alarmists, a French menace to Great Britain. Rumour flew with its customary rapidity: M. Menier was fortifying his island in the St. Lawrence,

M. Menier was garrisoning it, M. Menier was doing this, M. Menier was doing that. Yet, in the end, the forts resolved themselves into stores of food, the armed men into makers of roads and builders of houses, schools, and other accessories of town life, and M. Menier himself not into a Commander-in-Chief, but into an exploiter of the valuable fisheries and forests pertaining to his purchase. In all this not a mention of a buffalo. Possibly these attractions are members of the Royal and Ancient Order, and not of the horned variety.

*Russia's Latest Complaint.*

The latest Russian complaint against the Japanese is nothing if not naïf. The trouble now is that the followers of the Mikado deliberately misled those of the Czar by planting wooden cannon for their enemy's gunners to exercise their skill upon, and masking their real weapons in order that their artillery may obtain the few minutes' advantage that so often turns possible defeat into sweeping victory. This "petty device," add the Russians, is made possible by the general employment of smokeless powder.

The Powers are hardly likely to deem an alteration of the Geneva Convention to be made either politic or necessary by this exercise of the arts of war.

M. Jacques Lebaudy's sudden lukewarmness in the matter of the proposed kingdom of the Sahara has lost him titles sufficient to satiate the most exacting seeker after "handles." By arrangement with the Sultan of Morocco, he would have been "Jacques I., Najin-al-Den, Emperor of the Sahara, Commander of the Faithful, King of Tarfaia, Duke of Arleuf, and Prince of Chai-Huin." And "G. B. S." yet finds heart to write: "The unfortunate millionaire has the responsibility of prodigious wealth without the possibility of enjoying himself more than any ordinary rich man."

Additional interest attaches to the forthcoming publication of the Duke of Cambridge's memoirs by reason of the statement that the King has agreed to undertake the revision of the proofs of the diary. The proverbial outspokenness of the Duke will doubtless call for the occasional use of the blue pencil, but his illustrious second-cousin may be relied upon to see that there is no possibility of susceptibilities being wounded.

The versatile author of "Casting of Nets"

is one of the many cultivated Englishmen to whom Italy has become a foster-mother. He has long played a considerable rôle in Anglo-Roman Society, and his second novel, which purported to show up certain blemishes in the Church to which Mr. Richard Bagot became a convert many years ago, excited a great sensation, partly owing to the fact that he was said to have drawn his characters from life. It may be whispered that for a while it was thought that Rome would be too hot to hold Mr. Richard Bagot, but, nothing daunted, he went on writing stories on much the same lines as "Casting of Nets," and, though he is still on the sunny side of five-and-forty, he has come to be regarded in the Eternal City as almost as much an institution as the Forum itself. Mr. Bagot is a brother of the popular owner of Levens Hall, and a son of the charming old lady who not long ago published a delightful book of recollections, in which was given a brilliant pen-portrait of the "Iron Duke."



MISS PATRICIA HENERY, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR SOCIETY WOMEN IN WASHINGTON.

Photograph by G. V. Buck.



### Death of ex-President Kruger.

The death of ex-President Kruger, which occurred at Clarens, Canton Vaud, in the early morning of Thursday last, removed one of the most notable figures of the past quarter of a century. Born in Cape Colony in 1825, the son of a Boer farmer, his early education was concerned more with rifles than with books, and at the age of twelve he took part in that "Great Trek" across the Orange River by which the irreconcilable Boers hoped to get away for ever from the dominant British race. For some years his life was of a most stirring character, great fights with the savage Zulus and Matabele being common in his earlier experiences. Ultimately Paul Kruger became Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal Army and head of the Civil Government, in the year following the Boer War of 1881 being elected President, and from that time till the close of his African career he wielded almost despotic power. The story of the late war, of his flight to Lorenzo Marquez, and thence to Europe, is matter of common knowledge, and need only be referred to here. For the past two years "Oom Paul" had spent his time quietly in Holland and on the Riviera, and little was heard of him in this country save occasional reports of ill-health. The death of his wife soon after his arrival in Europe was a blow from which he never recovered, and now, in his seventy-ninth year, he has passed away, far from the land he loved so well.

### Paris Notes.

Nine o'clock, on the Place de la Concorde, on a blazing July morning. Across the great Place, past the Alsace Column, with its crape-trimmed wreaths, lumbers a cart heaped up with vegetables of different kinds, drawn by a wretched-looking black horse. The old woman who is seated on the knife-board is half-asleep, for her day is more than six hours old already, and she is now on her way back to the Passy suburb with a load of vegetables which she has purchased at the Halles. Half-way across the Place de la Concorde, just opposite the Automobile Club de France, the horse falls down. He goes down on his knees, then on his side. He raises his head once in feeble protest, drops it, and lies there motionless. Traces are cut or unstrapped, and the cart is pushed out of the way against the kerb. A crowd gathers and looks at the poor brute on the ground; then someone says, "It's only a dead horse," and the crowd moves away again.

Nine o'clock, on the Place de la Concorde, on a blazing July morning. A huge crowd has gathered near the Alsace Column with its crape-trimmed wreaths. The Place is gay with tricolour, and the huge mass of people cheers the soldiers as they pass on their way out to the review at Longchamp. Suddenly a tremor runs through the crowd, a movement such as tree-leaves make before the storm breaks



THE LATE PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Photograph by Barnett, Pretoria.

out, and a roar of acclamation bursts from the populace. "Vive Boulanger! Vive le brave Général!" And, smiling, with a white-gloved hand raised every now and then to the salute, the youngest Minister of War that the Republic has yet known rides proudly past on his black horse, "Tunis."

It is the same horse that we saw just now. A horse which did as much towards the popularity of Boulanger as did Bucephalus for Alexander, and with the fall of Boulanger came that of "Tunis," who, poor brute, passed from hand to hand, became a carriage-horse, then a cab-horse, and eventually was driven by Madame Lecocq to fetch her load of carrots and of turnips from the Halles every morning to her customers in Passy. This morning, on his way in, soldiers on their way out to the review have passed him. "Tunis" has heard the drum and life again, and actually trotted towards the Halles, and the effort he made has killed him. Now he lies there, all four legs stretched out, piteously stiff, and Boulanger is in a corner of a quiet cemetery in Brussels. "Only a dead horse."

The uses of advertisement are sweet, we know, and Paris has been laughing heartily at the idea of the most enterprising of its music-halls, the Moulin Rouge, which has been utilising bald-headed gentlemen to advertise its show. The method is simplicity itself. The advertisement, carefully dressed in frock-coat, grey top-hat, spats, and kid gloves, sits down at a café upon a crowded corner of the Boulevard, removes his hat, and mops his heated brow with a large pocket-handkerchief. And passers-by, to their delight, see in large letters on that heated brow the fact announced that "At the Moulin Rouge this evening," and so forth. In a few days Parliament will adjourn for the summer, and Messieurs of the Senate, all of them bound by law to be of more than forty years of age, will be at leisure. Perhaps the Moulin Rouge would be considered *infra dig.*, but there are other things—liqueurs, for instance. The Right might advertise Chartreuse or Benedictine, and the Left a rival brand.

*The Bey in Paris.* The small talk of the Boulevards this week is Beylical talk. Since His Highness the Bey of Tunis arrived at the Gare de Lyon early on Tuesday, we have seen him in gold braid and jewels, be-fezzed and escorted by sons and by functionaries, both his own and those of the President's household. Crowds gather all day round the hotel at which he is staying to gaze at the Beylical bedroom-window; the bands in the cafés have forsaken "rag-time" tunes for the Beylical hymn, and the Beylical tune is—forgive me the pun—fast becoming a nuisance. Sidi Mohammed el Haj is a fine-looking man, grey-bearded and solemn of aspect. He is evidently interested principally in things military, and asks many questions about the soldiers whom he sees of all his entourage. By the time these lines are in print he will have witnessed the review and have left Paris, returning, it is said, to Tunis with large numbers of presents to the Beylical wives, who, among other things, are to be given albums with the counterfeit presentments of all the best-known actresses in Paris.

*The Fattest Girl.* In the matter of Johnny Trundle, who is the fattest and strongest boy in the world of his age, the United States own themselves defeated, but, in reply, they claim the record girl. In a village called Lebanon, Kentucky, there lives a girl named Metre Wilholt, who is not yet ten years old, but who, nevertheless, weighs over sixteen stone. A short time ago, Metre measured four feet nine inches in height, fifty-one inches round the waist, forty-six inches round the chest, sixteen inches round the neck, thirteen inches round the arm, and six inches round the wrist. She wears a number four shoe, and it takes twenty yards of material to make her a frock with short skirts. A special desk and chair have been made for her at the Lebanon High School, and she has extra-strong furniture provided for her at home. Her grand-parents, parents, and brother and sister are of ordinary size.



MRS. H. E. MOSS, WIFE OF THE MANAGING-DIRECTOR OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IN the days of my youth it was my ambition to be a King, but, perhaps because there were difficulties in the way, I never seriously applied myself to the task of realising the ambition. To-day, as I scan the list of Royal engagements in my paper, I am not even anxious to be member of a reigning house. For, when the thermometer inclines all wise men to seek the shade, and a hammock, together with a glass of something nicely iced, realises the general idea of comfort, Royal personages seem to enjoy very little leisure. Charity's claim upon them seems to be unending. Even the excitement of opening a bazaar, laying a foundation-stone, inspecting fortifications, or visiting a flower-show must lose its keen edge after many years, and yet throughout these dog-days our Royal Family does not shrink from countless public services of the kind. Doubtless, but for this really Royal devotion to duty many of our charities would suffer heavily.

I take off my hat to Habibullah Khan, who lives and rules in Afghanistan. My morning paper tells me of his short, sharp way with prophets and seers, and I realise that such procedure must make at least one form of humbug and treachery very dangerous. Certain of the professional wise men having prophesied disasters for his kingdom by a certain date, the Ameer has thrown them into prison, and, should their prophecy prove false, he will "do them die the foulest of deaths." Some similar procedure, just a little less drastic, of course, would be an excellent thing for this country. Dowie's threatened return-visit would cease to be possible, the "Abode of Love" would be put up to let, and the palmists of Mayfair would cease from advertising. I would like to hear Dowie's opinion of the Ameer, and the Ameer's opinion of Dowie. And I would also like to learn from Habibullah Khan how he deals with his infant musical prodigies and his militant lady novelists.

When I read in my morning paper about outbreaks of swine-fever, I am reminded of the nasty shock that came to me when I learned, on excellent authority, that in some parts of the country a pig that shows signs of sickness is at once killed—and eaten. Some country folk, having no more than a most hazy notion of the possible results of eating diseased meat, are very reluctant to see a useful animal killed and buried. So soon as a pig seems to fall below par, it is turned into pork and eaten before any sanitary inspector can come

worrying simple village-folk. No legislative action can step in to save people from themselves. If they elect deliberately to run risks of this sort, they must do so, and it is undeniable that a large amount of meat from animals that have died a natural death is eaten in the rural districts of England at all times of the year.

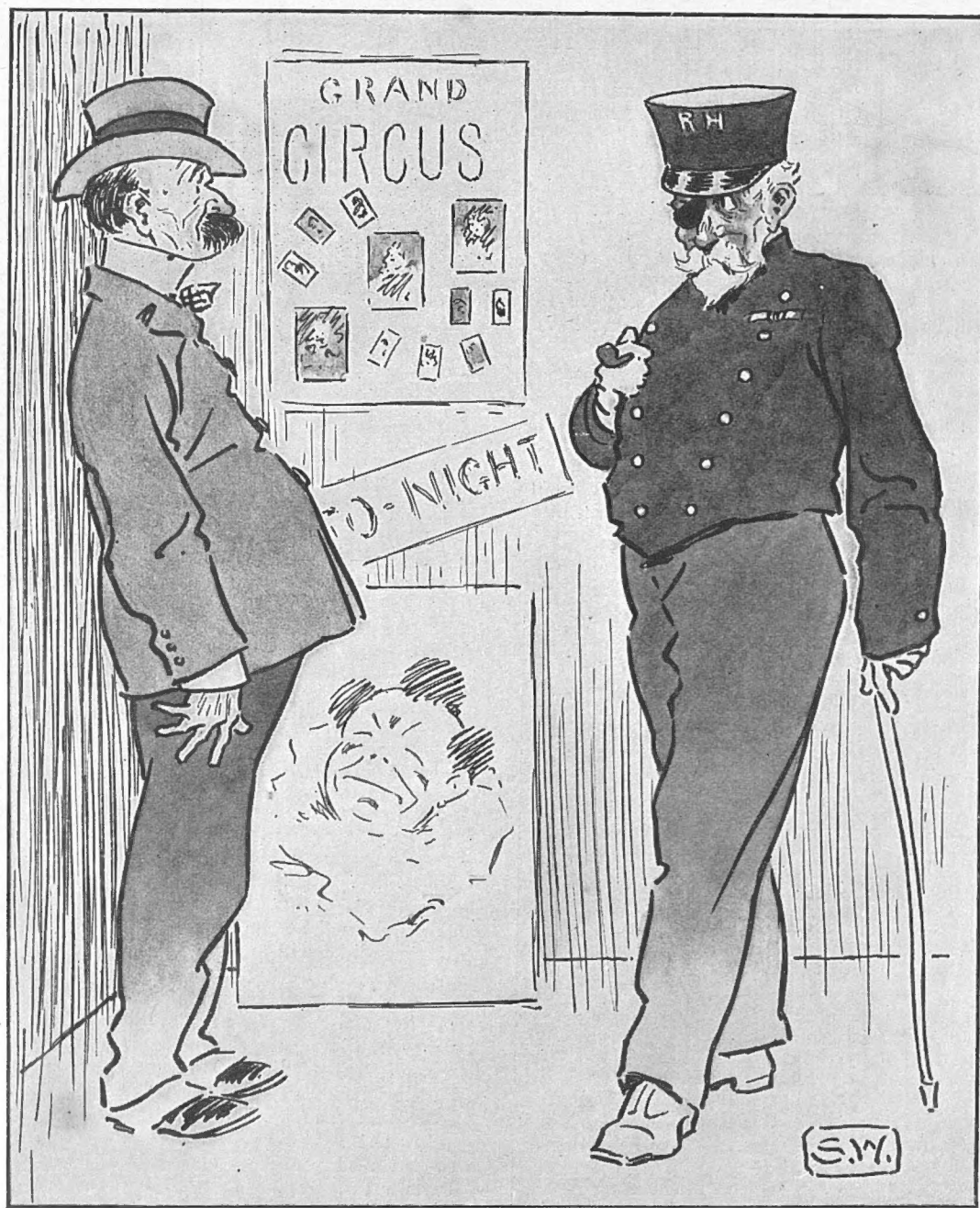
In this connection I heard a story that is true as well as amusing. A certain schoolmaster in a country village is very fond of pork, and it is the custom of the parents of some of his scholars to send him a little offering when they kill their pigs. One morning the master was

asked by a pupil if he would like a certain portion of a pig that was to be killed on the morrow. "I shall be delighted," he said, and thought no more about the matter until some days had passed. Then he recollected suddenly that the pupil's promise had not been fulfilled. "My boy," he said, turning to the lad who had brought the promise and apparently forgotten to fulfil it, "how is it that I never received that piece of pork your parents promised to send me?" "If you please, sir," replied the lad, without a moment's hesitation, "the pig got well again."

The indefatigable Mr. Stead has discovered the theatre, after being a resident upon this planet for five-and-fifty years. To celebrate the discovery, he is going to make a tour of inspection through London stageland, to find out exactly how far it has contributed to the elevation of mankind. There is something delightfully naïve in the worthy editor's attitude. He leaves one, at least, of his readers to wonder whether the man

who has never visited a theatre can form a fair estimate of its merits and failings when he approaches it so late in life. And the same reader wonders whether Mr. Stead will pause to consider that the stage is just a business venture to the men who finance it. "I've seen two of your plays, Mr. X.," said a friend of mine to a manager lately. "A was splendid, but B, I thought, was not nearly so good." "You are expressing my opinions," replied the manager, "but the box-office tells me that B brings in exactly twice as much as A." *Verbum sap.*

I am pleased to see that the officers of the Thames Conservancy intend to discourage racing between excursion-steamers. Glorious though it must be to leave the skipper of a rival line well astern, few passengers would be consoled, in the event of a collision, by the recollection that, but for the accident, their ship would have come in first.



"Can I go in for half-price, Mister? I've only got one eye, yer know."

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



A SIGN OF "THE TIMES."



"I don't want nuthin' to-day, 'Mum,' but I'll be round again ter-morrer and then you'll owe me one-and-six."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



## DR. BARNARDO'S "GARDEN CITY":

THE HOME FOR GIRLS AT BARKINGSIDE, NEAR ILFORD.

LAST Saturday (16th) many well-known folk and many utterly obscure spent a happy afternoon in what has become an ideal "Garden City"—in other words, Dr. Barnardo's Girls' Village Homes at Barkingside, near Ilford. The gathering was held to celebrate the thirty-eighth anniversary of the National Waifs' Association, and the high regard and esteem in which the indefatigable "foster-father of nobody's children" is held was shown by the presence there not only of Royalty, in the person of our Sovereign's

addition to the "mother," twenty-five children, others only sixteen. The fifty-six separate homesteads accommodate over nine hundred children, but, of course, the number fluctuates. All the work of each cottage is done by its inmates, and each "mother" is expected to keep everything going well quite independent of her neighbours.

The visitors who daily find their way to this "Garden City" are always specially interested in the School of Cookery, presided over by a really competent teacher who follows the Government Code. The

dishes cooked there are sent in rotation to the different cottages, where they form a welcome addition to the ordinary menu. In the same building as the School of Cookery are the work-rooms, where the girls are taught plain and fancy sewing. The outfits for the girl emigrants are made in these work-rooms, each outfit including four dresses and a suitable amount of underclothing. No uniform is worn by the inhabitants of the village, as a great deal of excellent clothing is given to the homes which can here be utilised, but, with the exception of what is given, every garment worn in the various homes is actually made in the village.

Perhaps what most strikes the passing visitor is the essentially human tone of the life led at Barkingside. A certain number of deformed children are distributed among the various homes, though when they grow older, while they mingle freely in the village life and share its interests, they have a separate home of their own.

No one spending a pleasant afternoon in the "Garden City" should miss a visit to the laundry. Here, of course, all the work is done by the older girls, and, as well as providing an admirable training to those girls who intend to go out as laundry-maids, the Barkingside Laundry does the washing for nearly all Dr. Barnardo's London branches, as well as that of the various cottages. Over a hundred and twenty thousand articles are washed here annually.

Dr. Barnardo has always believed in beauty as an educational factor, and the village is delightfully pretty, there being an abundance of flowers and trees and shrubs, as well as what is so often found lacking in ordinary villages, seats for those who are weary to rest upon by the roadside.

The day-school is under the Education Department, and the ladies who supervise the life of the "Garden City" may well be proud of the results here obtained, for it must, of course, be admitted that sometimes the excellent teachers have a hard task before them.

It should be added that Dr. Barnardo takes the most vigilant care in order to ensure that the children brought up under such ideal conditions should have safe and happy homes in later life. There is a great demand for girls so admirably trained for service; often they are engaged long before they are old enough to go out, and, where one is sent out, fifty could easily find situations. This is the greatest testimony to the admirable nature of this "Garden City."



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE "GARDEN CITY."

kindly younger sister, Princess Henry of Battenberg, but also of Lord and Lady Brassey, Lady Jeune, the Bishop of St. Albans and the Dean of Norwich, and many leading philanthropists who have helped or who are helping Dr. Barnardo in the great work he has done for the British Empire.

The "Garden City," that dream so many have cherished, had very small beginnings. At the time of the first conception of the scheme, none of the many able people engaged in dealing with the pauper problem realised the superiority of the cottage-home to the workhouse system. But Dr. Barnardo was a precursor in this as in so many other things. Instead of crowding his girl waifs into a large central home, of which the very term "home" is an ironic misnomer, he made up his mind that he would build a few cottages in the country, each presided over by some kind, good woman, who should really stand in the place of a mother to her charges. Barkingside was the spot chosen for the experiment, and now these few cottages have grown into an ideal village, the cottagers being happy, healthy girls who are being carefully trained for the life which lies before them. As should be the case with every village, the pretty, well-designed houses—for cottages they can scarcely be called—are grouped round the church, in the porch of which is inscribed the words, "Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord, for His name only is excellent, His glory is above the earth and heaven." There, every Sunday, each "mother" sits with her own family during divine worship, and very impressive is the sound of upwards of a thousand young voices singing the simple old hymns with which most of us are familiar.

A touching fact concerning this Girls' "Garden City" is that almost every building, whether it be cottage, school, or church, was a gift in memory of some departed child, and what more admirable memorial could be suggested?

Each cottage has its sitting-room and its dining-room as well as its kitchen. The children sleep in cubicles adorned with pretty pictures; the girls take the greatest pride in making their home look comfortable and pretty, and a certain number of pets are allowed. The children in each home are graduated as in a family, all ages being represented, from the baby who is everyone's pet to the oldest girl who is nearly ready to go out to service. The cottages vary in size, some accommodating, in



THE COOKERY CLASS.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."



DR. BARNARDO'S "GARDEN CITY":  
THE HOME FOR GIRLS AT BARKINGSIDE, NEAR ILFORD.



THE YOUNGER GIRLS AT DRILL.



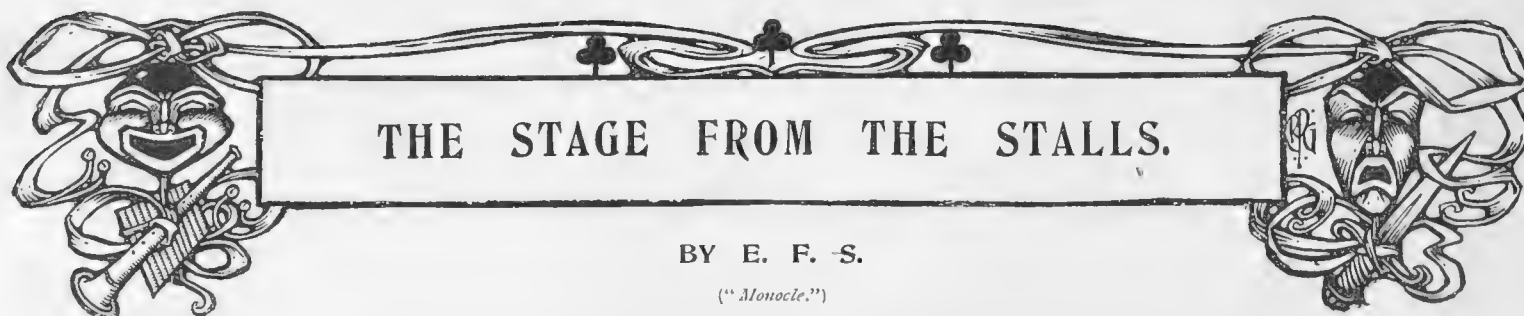
THE INFANTS' CROCHET-CLASS.



THE HAPPIEST HOUR OF A HAPPY DAY.

*Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."*





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE CONVERSION OF NAT STURGE" AND "THE PHARISEE'S WIFE."

MR. MALCOLM WATSON'S play, "The Conversion of Nat Sturge," fits very nicely into the programme of the Garrick Theatre, since it is distinctly congruous in the sense of humour with "The Fairy's Dilemma." I am not sure, however, that Mr. Gilbert on the stage would have treated an English Bishop,

not a mere Suffragan Bishop, so disrespectfully. The audience laughed heartily at the Bishop of Minterweir and his unsuccessful, unscrupulous attempt to coerce the burglar caught red-handed into marrying the feminine incubus left to him by his late wife. Bishops may be equally subject with journalists to prosecutions for compounding felonies—of course, that is a trifle in farce and, so long as everybody laughs at the horror of the burglar who thinks that he can only obtain freedom from jail at the sacrifice of his liberty, and at the neatly pointed dialogue of Mr. Watson, the ingenious little play fulfils its purpose. Mr. Arthur Bouchier's Bishop of Minterweir reminds one a good



MR. MARTIN HARVEY, WHO WILL APPEAR AS HAMLET THIS AUTUMN.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

deal of his Bishop in "The Bishop's Move," and is none the worse for that, since it means that the performance is rich in quiet humour and in skilful technique. Mr. Webb Darleigh is diverting, if a little extravagant, as the burglar.

It is a pity that the spirit embodied in the popular phrase, "Go it, little 'un," is not felt more keenly by us critics. "The Pharisee's Wife" might be called a "little 'un," inasmuch as it is by a new author, "George Paston," and was represented—admirably—by a "star"-less Company. Of course, if it had been bad, a painful duty would have been obvious, but undoubtedly we all felt that it was interesting and clever. Was there, then, a chorus of praise or evidence of a desire to help it towards the evening bill? Did we show a tendency enthusiastically to ignore faults and exaggerate virtues? Oh dear, no! We were nicely critical, and made less allowance for errors due to the author's inexperience than we do, as a rule, for the blunders of recognised dramatists. It is not wise always to praise accurately, and I would sooner run the risk of overpraising a new dramatist than that of being too coldly correct. Certainly the production of "The Pharisee's Wife" gave me more pleasure than I have had at any first-night this season—save two or three, or perhaps four. It kept us all awake and alert during a very hot afternoon. That statement alone ought to be enough to make some manager think of giving it a trial: he should engage all that he may of the original cast.

At first, no doubt, "The Pharisee's Wife" seemed too much of a problem-play, written by one of the early Pioneers to prove that a husband's infidelity is as great crime as that of a wife, but after the first Act one felt that the dramatist was trying, and with remarkable success, to be impartial, and was handling an important, difficult subject, and not preaching from a text; this was a great relief. For it is a nuisance to be preached at from the footlights. One desires the facts and the author's exhibition of their effects upon the characters, and then to be left to draw deductions. No doubt, we often, as in the case of "A Doll's House," imagine that the author is preaching when he is merely propounding. There are people to this day so silly as to think that Ibsen's views can be learnt from

the conduct and speeches of Nora Helmer. It is a weakness in "George Paston's" play that the fact which determines the wife to refuse prompt pardon to her husband for his infidelity is her indignation at his former pose as moralist at a time when he was a guilty co-respondent. Perhaps I am wrong, and, although she puts forward this fact, she is deceiving him and even herself as to her real motives. It is the cruel difficulty of the dramatist as compared with the novelist that he cannot explain that his characters often deceive themselves. Very fine art is needed to show us, without the aid of soliloquies, that the characters are mistaken as to the nature of their feelings. Looking back at the whole play, one feels that Mrs. Carrington's conduct in separating from her husband and taking away the children was far more due to the *spreta injuria formæ* than she imagined.

These remarks tend to show that the play is interesting. In twenty-nine cases out of thirty one does not wonder for a moment why the characters of a play do this or that, one knows that their conduct is coerced by the exigencies of the plot. The authors make frantic efforts to render this coerced conduct probable, and the audiences do not care whether it is probable or not if vivid situations or strong scenes are reached. The thirtieth causes us to pause, to wonder, to doubt, so that for a long time afterwards the persons of the piece remain in our minds as living human creatures. They lead to discussion. One can well imagine an interesting debate as to what a wife should and would do on the sudden discovery that her husband and father of her children, always till then tender, devoted, and unselfish, is a guilty and convicted co-respondent in a flagrant divorce case. Dumas fils, anticipating the Pioneers, dealt daringly in "Francillon" with the wife's attitude, and raised a storm of discussion. There was, perhaps, too much of the cunning craftsman as well as moralist and philosopher in his famous drama, which, when presented here, was woefully misunderstood and condemned by people who fancied that it preached the proposition that two wrongs make a right. "George Paston" certainly runs the risk of being charged with propounding the idea that, if wife as well as husband commits matrimonial offence, there is a kind of domestic equilibrium; but, of course, such a charge would be unjust.

The play shows in an interesting fashion the effect of reaction. The wife retires with the children to the country, terribly grieved by her husband's infidelity and cruelly hurt in her pride by the fact that all the world knows of her wrong. Her tranquil love for Carrington, her husband, is numbed. Then, although quite a good woman, she permits herself to be courted by a young man hitherto on brother-and-sister terms with her. Unsuspicious of danger, she revels in his love till her eyes are opened: for a few minutes she is in real peril, and, whilst in his arms with her lips on his, it may be taken that she is really faithless, though not as the Divorce Court understands the term. How is she to be saved? Many dramatists would have brought on one of her children at this point; the author simply relies on her inherent goodness and revolt against sin. The scene was admirably written and brilliantly acted. Mr. Graham Browne's display of passion surprised even those who for long have regarded him as a very able actor; no excellence of work by Miss Madge McIntosh would be surprising, for all playgoers know that she is an artist of truly high quality. Probably reaction against the selfishness of her young lover's passion revived her love for the husband and had much to do with her determination to confess and offer to cry quits.

No doubt, the third Act, with its scene between the two women at Carrington's chambers, between the wife coming for reconciliation, and the respondent in the divorce case (who had not seen him since the trial), who came for money with which to go away and die of consumption in the South, smells too much of the footlights. It is cleverly handled and effective, yet seems to belong to another class of play, despite some fine touches and a brilliant little scene of colour concerning a whining clerk who had got into trouble—his part was played very cleverly by Mr. Trollope. After all, I have not spoken of the lighter scenes, which are fresh and amusing; of the entertaining schoolboy fighting with his holiday task, capably presented by Master Hugh Wakefield, of his hoydenish sister, rendered with remarkable skill by Miss Molly Pearson, and of the slangy woman of the world—a little too epigrammatic—acted admirably by Miss Hilda Rivers. The house was delighted by all the comic scenes; it was enthusiastic concerning the work, rich in skill and curious charm, of Miss Darragh as the respondent. It does seem strange that people pretend there is a dearth of able players or lack of interesting plays.

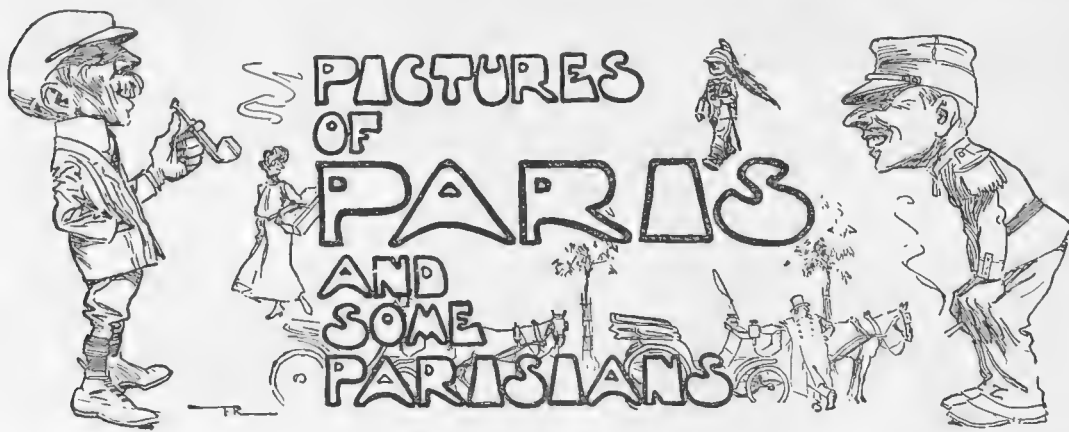




MISS SIMETA MARSDEN, PLAYING IN "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S," ON TOUR.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*





By JOHN N. RAPHAEL,

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

## VI.—IN TRILBY LAND.

"Qu'il fait bon aux rêveurs descendre de leurs bouges,  
Et, s'accoudant au pont de la Cité, devant  
Notre-Dame, songer, cœur et cheveux au vent !

"DO you remember Verlaine's lines?" said Mademoiselle. "I want to see the students and the Latin Quarter."

"To wish is to command it," said the Vicomte. "I knew that presently you would be wanting to make exploration into Trilby Land. Hélas, he is responsible for much illusion, is ce cher vieux Georges."

"Ce cher vieux Georges" is the late George Du Maurier. I do not think the Vicomte ever knew him, but the fact that Du Maurier was Franco-English *entente cordiale* incarnate makes the Vicomte familiar.

"But oh là là! Look on his picture and the real thing, and you shall see the counterfeit presentment of two Latin Quarters, as has said Jacques Pierre," the little man went on. "He has described a Quartier Latin that is not, and never was, for what he tells is Quartier Latin seen through the spectacles of fifty years, and thirty of them English. Ce n'est pas ça. The Latin Quarter that you English know is, if it is at all, Montmartre. But we shall see the real one, is it not? Come then."

And so we crossed the Tuileries and Pont du Carrousel, and plunged down the Rue de Saints Pères, one afternoon as dusk began to veil Seine-side with its pall of grey velvet.

"Street of the Holy Fathers! Holy Gee!" said the New Yorker. "Well, I should smile. Say, Martin Luther would have seven dozen different kinds of fits if he could stroll down here with us."

And it is true that this old part of Paris which has gathered round the neighbourhood of St. Sulpice is the old Roman faith personified in stone and mortar and in the very atmosphere. Even the people wear a different look from those of the modern Paris on the right bank of the Seine. There are more priests about, and, of the men we met who were not priests in dress, many reminded us of the clean-shaven gentlemen in black we read about in Ainsworth's stories of the Charleses, where priests in mufti, velvet-footed and suave, are numerous.

But St. Sulpice was not our goal, so on across to the Boul' Mich', where students are at home.

I do not know exactly what the others hoped to see, but I had visions of modernised Murger types, of Schaunard, and of de Musset's Mimi Pinson, of students and grisettes, dancing light-heartedly down the Boul' Mich', of hirsute youths battling with strap-loads of books, of artists and of artists' models, of—I scarce know what.

And what we did see were endless, broad, bourgeois streets, a very wilderness of grim respectability, with here and there a student with a pipe, and here and there a Mimi Pinson, modernised and mercenary.

The Vicomte saw our disappointment in our faces, and steered us deftly into a studio in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière. A lady in the best of health and nothing else was on the platform, and, as we came in, we were greeted with wild yells of "Ponche!

Nouveaux!" and treated to a French performance of "le 'ighlan' flingue" by half-a-dozen crazy mortals in shirt-sleeves and floating pegtop trousers.

The model stood upon her hands and waved her feet at us, righted herself to drink her punch, and called the Vicomte "Good ole geesare." She then requested Harold to "Pull up you' socks, Charlie," and told us that she had learned that much English from two men who could not paint well but whose fortunes she had made by posing for them.

And we felt better, somehow, as we left the school. This was a whiff of Latin Quarter as we hoped it would be. It was the only whiff we got though, for Bullier, the Bal Bullier upon which our hopes had hung, proved a delusion and a snare. The only Latin Quarterites we saw there were such distinctly foreign students, and, with

a leaven of French gaiety the whole affair which used to be the Bal Mabilille of Trilby Land is now a Kensington Town-hall somewhat Parisianised.

"What has become of the real Bal Bullier?" we asked the Vicomte.

"Alas, my poor friends, it, too, is in Montmartre now, out at the Mill of La Galette. One day we go there." And one day we did, but that's another chapter.

We left Bullier, and, as we were recovering our walking-sticks and Mademoiselle's impedimenta in the cloak-room, we suddenly missed the New Yorker and Harold.

The Vicomte somewhat uneasily remarked that they knew we were bound for La Lorraine, and they would join us there, no doubt, and the reason for his uneasiness was clear when we caught up the flighty pair. There were three of them. They had, it seems, made up their minds to make a little Latin Quarter for themselves, and had responded to the request for their escort down the Boul' Mich' of a timid little lady in an 1830 hat by hoisting her upon their shoulders and marching off with her. They left their interesting parcel under the escort of a *demi-brune* (a glass of beer this, not a black-haired duenna of small stature), and joined us at the Lorraine Tavern.

And here, at all events, was Latin Quarter student-life, unkempt, unshorn, and, to a great extent, unwashed. The sight of Englishmen and of Americans among them proved too much for the New Yorker, and, to the tune of "Tommy Atkins," which Harold whistled as accompaniment, he broke into a song in which he insisted that dirt was not a sign of genius.

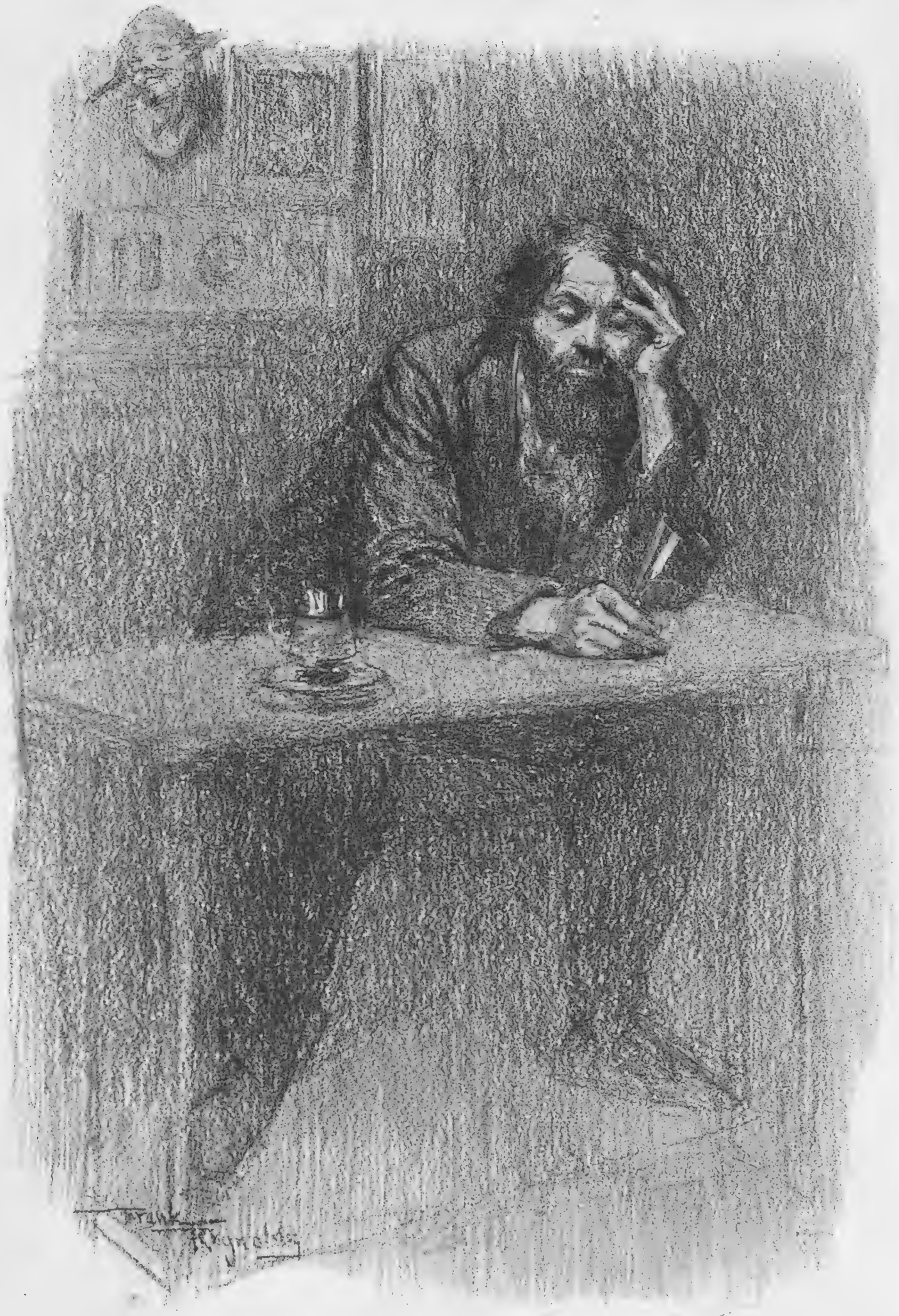


A Good Study.



# *Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.*

*By Frank Reynolds, R.I.*



"UNKEMPT, UNSHORN, AND, TO A GREAT EXTENT, UNWASHED."



## SOME FAMOUS GARDEN-FOUNTAINS.

A GREAT poet once said that every garden should have a fountain, and this ideal has been carried out in many a stately British pleasure-ground, as well as in almost every piece of pleasure-ground in Spain and Italy. In mediæval England fountains and grottoes played a great part, and in the laying out of a garden, water, and the

of its fountains, which are, however, more formal in design and less magnificent than those which embellish the grounds of Alton Towers.

Elvaston Castle, famed among gardens for its wonderful yew-trees and its topiary triumphs, boasts of one of the loveliest fountains in the kingdom. Lord and Lady Harrington are enthusiastic

gardeners, and though Elvaston is situated in flat country, the beauty of the grounds is unsurpassed in Derbyshire, and it is said that nowhere in the world are there such marvellous examples of what has been cleverly called "verdant sculpture." It may be doubted whether even Levens, famed for its topiary garden, is as remarkable in this respect as is Elvaston Castle, and the beautiful fountain would be more famed among garden-lovers were its glory not overshadowed by the amazing Alhambra Garden, Bird Cottage, and Moorish Arch—to name but a few of the topiarist's triumphs.

Versailles, with its marvellous fountains, inspired many of the great landscape-gardeners who did their best to embellish the rural England of the eighteenth century, and "playing-fountains" are to be found in the vicinity of many a stately mansion, notably at Chatsworth. Fortunately, the craze for trick-fountains, which obtained at one time in Austria and in Russia, never found its way to this country. The trick-fountain is seen to perfection in the grounds of certain of the Russian Imperial Palaces, and generally consists of a stone bench or a Gothic temple which, for no apparent reason and at the touching of a spring, will suddenly throw forth showers of spray and so deluge those who may be passing at the time. Practical joking of this kind, essentially German in character, often enlivened the dull, pompous Court of that Emperor of Russia whom the great Napoleon tried in vain first to bewitch, and then to conquer.

Scotland, noted for its formal gardens, is also justly famed for its fountains, a melancholy interest attaching to that known as Queen Mary's Fountain,

set in the corner of a lovely garden at Barncluith. Stone basins, formal in design yet often embellished by a good piece of old French statuary, form the centre of many of the splendid kitchen-gardens which, situated at some distance from the house, are a distinct feature of most Scotch gardens.

The gardens of Dunrobin are famous for their fountains, designed and erected under the immediate supervision of the second Duchess of Sutherland, the grandmother of the present Duke. The Castle itself is one of the most glorious sea-girt buildings in the world, for it is built of pure white stone quarried on the ducal estate; but, splendid as is the Castle, it is the sloping terrace-gardens which give the Duke of Sutherland's Highland home its special charm, and this is not wholly the result of art, but also of Nature, for the Gulf Stream makes possible there the cultivation of many tropical and sub-tropical plants. At Trentham the Duchess of Sutherland is also mistress of a series of wonderful Italian Gardens, of which a feature is some beautiful fountains.

Of late a brave attempt to enjoy the delights afforded by even a miniature fountain has been made by many owners of small gardens.



A BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN AT ELVASTON CASTLE, LORD HARRINGTON'S SEAT NEAR DERBY.

*Photograph by R. Keene, Derby.*

way in which it could be utilised, formed a leading, if not the first consideration of the landscape artist.

What garden-lover does not know the beautiful lines—

Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Ferned grot,  
The veriest school  
Of peace: and yet the fool  
Contented that God is not—  
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?  
Nay, but I have a sign;  
'Tis very sure God walks in mine!

Of the many fountains which have been celebrated in literature, it may be doubted if there be any to which tenderer memories cling than that to which the great Lord Byron's mind so often affectionately turned, for Newstead Abbey—especially after he had sold it—was endeared to him by a thousand early associations. The mind of "Childe Harold" seems most often to have turned to the great lake spreading its glassy surface in front of the Abbey, and there still flourishes in the flower-garden an oak which he planted. But it was of the fountain at Newstead that he wrote—

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,  
Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint;  
Strange faces like to many in masquerade,  
And here, perhaps, a monster; there, a saint.

During the eighteenth century, fountains were often set in stone courts, in order that in hot weather the soft splashing of water might give an impression of coolness to the rooms whose windows overlooked the parterres in which these pools of peace were set. Newstead has always been celebrated for its beautiful trees and ponds, and since the place passed into the possession of the Webb family everything has been done to make the lovely grounds even more beautiful than they were in the days when the great English poet spent his youth there.

Very different from the fountain at Newstead Abbey is the curious and original Pagoda Fountain at Alton Towers. This fountain is a curious example of the love of our immediate ancestors for painting the lily and gilding the rose, for the pagoda itself rises from the still waters of a little lake covered with water-lilies. In the grounds of Lord Shrewsbury's stately home is yet another and a very different fountain, that known as the Lion Fountain, which, like the curiously named "Le Refuge," shows how great a part fine statuary may justly play in the designing of a garden-fountain. Ingestre, Lord Shrewsbury's other seat, is also famed for the beauty



FOUNTAIN IN THE TERRACE-GARDENS OF TERREGLES, DUMFRIES.

*Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.*

SOME FAMOUS GARDEN-FOUNTAINS.

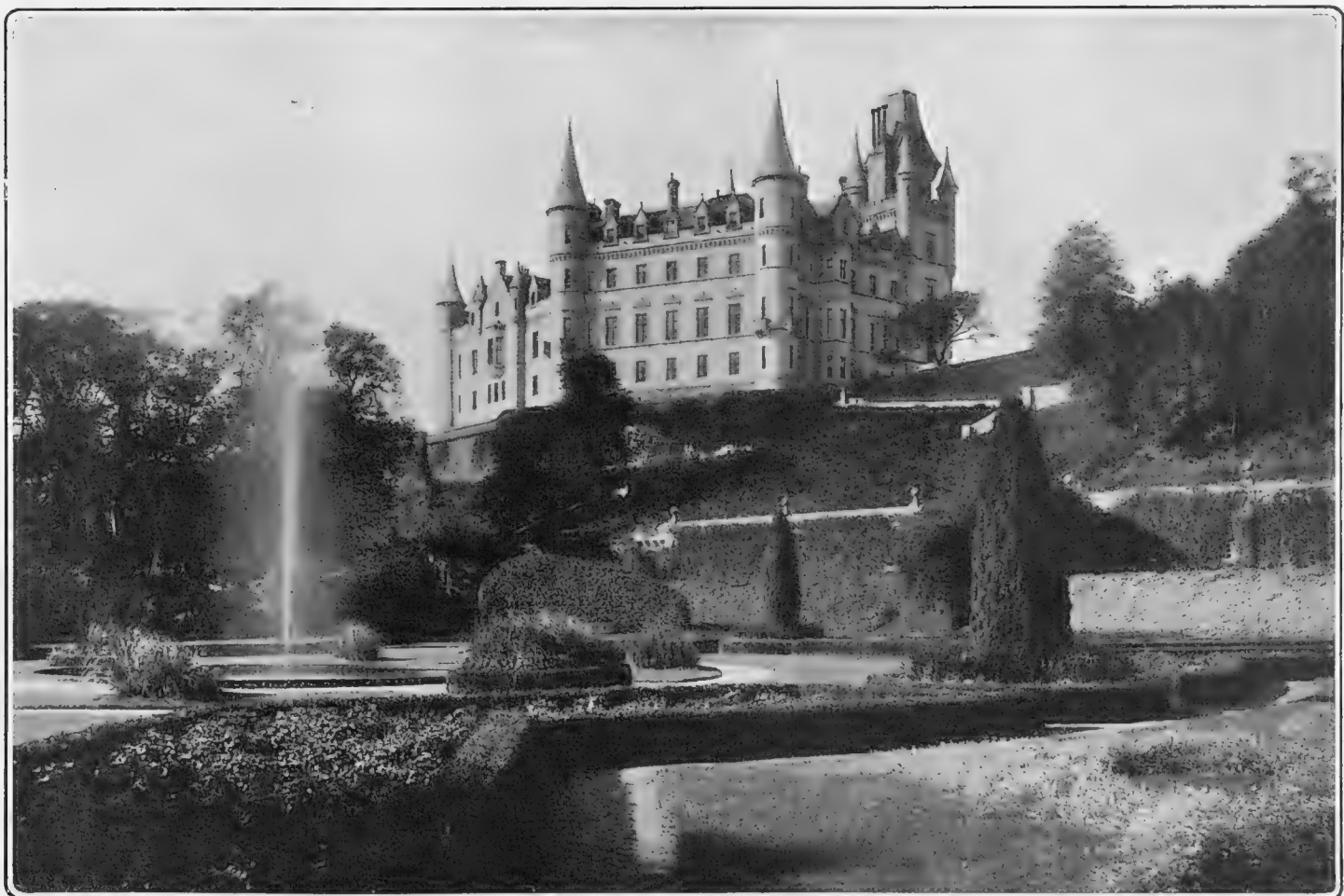


THE CURIOUS PAGODA FOUNTAIN AT ALTON TOWERS, LORD SHREWSBURY'S SEAT NEAR STOKE-UPON-TRENT.



THE GOTHIC FOUNTAIN AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY  
IMMORTALISED BY BYRON.

*Photographs by R. Keene, Derby.*



ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE FOUNTAINS AT DUNROBIN CASTLE, THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S HIGHLAND HOME.

*Photograph by Whyte, Inverness.*



## "EDGES."

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

"CALL yerself a right-for'ard man, no doubt," said Father William, bitterly. "But ye ain't, an' far from it, an' I'm not 'fraid o' tellin' ye, f'r it's me dooty, an' I've allus done it, though I'm a man o' peace, an' likes to live quiet wi' me neighbour, an' that's you."

"What's the matter?" I said, astonished, for my conscience was quite clear.

"Do ye don't pretend to be s'prised," said the right-minded, sternly; "for ye ain't, an' know it as well as me. An' w'en I see ye come down last night, after stayin' away weeks—th' Lord knows where an' why—I said I'd speak wery plain to ye, an' so I told th' shepherd, an' e' said 'e'd offer up a prayer for ye—an' so 'e did. 'E prays most ev'ry day, does th' shepherd, an' 'e's told me so 'isself."

"But what have I done?" I protested, uneasily, for Father William was clearly in deadly earnest, and was supporting himself upon his crooked stick and wearing a brown cape under his red one. This meant that the red cloak, a sort of *loga senilis*, had been assumed to awe me.

"Did ye tell that fool of a lad o' yourn to grow that 'edge up, or didn't ye?" he said, sternly, and the truth flashed upon me at once.

I had given instructions that my garden-hedge was to be raised to a height that would keep me from being overlooked, and the fast-growing elder-bushes had shot up so rapidly that Father William could no longer see what I was doing when he went up and down the road. In other words, he would have no further purpose for his strolls abroad.

"Yes," I said, boldly, "I told the lad to let the hedge grow. I want to be alone in my garden."

"I doubt ye do," replied my neighbour, sarcastically. "'Shamed o' bein' seen, I shouldn't wonder. But ye ain't no right to shet up y'r garden, an' I've come out to tell ye so, though I've a bad ole cold an' should be o'er me fire."

"But how can it matter to anybody if I let my own hedge grow?" I protested.

"Matter a lot, an' I'll soon 'splain it to ye," said Father William. "An' I doubt ye don't know nothin' 'bout it, not bein' o' th' country, same as me. Look at me garden. Ye won't find nothin' wrong wi' that. Better wegebles nor yourn, an' better fruit, an' ye daren't deny ut. I've 'splaind to ye that all they fruit-trees o' yourn, an' th' bushes too, b'longs o' rights to me. An' I've never stopped ye from 'avin' 'em, an' ye can't say I 'ave. An' that great ole 'edge 'll keep th' air away from 'em an' they won't do no good, an' th' people what passes 'll say that Father William's trees an' bushes ain't no good no longer, an' ye 'll disgrace me in me parish."

"If they can't see over the hedge, they can't tell how the garden looks," I suggested.

"Ye can't 'ide th' tops o' th' trees, though ye be main cunnin'," said the old man; "an' they 'll tell by that. An' ye ain't no right to make th' people speak badly o' me, what's been a good fr'en' to ye an' to all y'r fr'en's what's come down, an' all th' world knows ut."

"But, Father William, who knows that these fruit-trees were sold by you a dozen years ago?" I asked him.

"Everybody," he replied, firmly. "I've told 'em many's th' time. It's that fool of a boy's put it in y'r 'ed, I don't doubt ut, an' 'e's a snake as ever was, as well as a pig, an' if I do ketch 'im, an' chance to 'ave me crook stick, I'll pay 'im, an' no mistake."

"Sixty-five year I've lived 'ere," he went on, "an' when I come 'ere fust I were older nor ye are now, an' ye can't deny ut. An' nobody's done sich a thing before. Th' shepherd grew 'is 'edge one year, when 'e fust come, an' 'e 'ad no luck. Fatted six gre't lamb, 'e did, an' didn't take not a prize wi' none on 'em. An' I said to 'im as I've said to ye, 'Cut it down,' an' 'e did."

"Has he taken prizes since?" I asked, with interest.

"No, 'e ain't," said Father William, testily; "but that's 'cos 'e's a fool an' no mistake, an' so I've told 'im w'en 'e's been worritin'. If so be 'e did more wi' 'is 'ands an' less wi' 'is tongue, 'e'd be better," he added, forgetting in the excitement of the moment how he had praised the shepherd's prayerfulness.

"Nobody don't worrit me," he continued; "let alone they buds wot ye 'elps to build, an' they do keep a pluckin' o' me thatch, drat 'em; but they don't 'ide be'ind th' 'edge to do ut—they does it open like."

"I'm sorry—really sorry," I said; "but I'm going to keep the hedge up."

"That's all along o' Lunnon," commented Father William wearily and more to himself than to me. "An' it's a bad ole place, an' well I knows ut, f'r I've spoke wi' two or three what's come from there. S'pose ye learnt there to put up a 'edge so that nobody couldn't see nothin' ye were doin' on. I'm right sorry ye ever come down 'ere, an' so's th' shepherd. An' 'e's another right-for'ard man, same as me."

I made no attempt to defend myself, and my aged neighbour waxed still more sadly eloquent.

"If ye'd been brought up proper, an' in th' country 'stead o' Lunnon," he continued, "an' I 'ave 'eard say it's a dirty 'ole an' no mistake, ye'd ha' taken an ole man's advice. But th' trouble 'll fall on ye, an' do ye mark me words. Ye've robbed y'r trees an' wegebles o' th' light what's their doo, an' they 'll not live to endure ut. An' ye won't 'ave no fruit an' no wegebles, an' ye 'll come astin' me f'r sum, an' I'll gi'e ye 'no' for y'r answer. An' ye ain't no right f'r to come into th' country an' shet y'rself up like as ye lived in th' city. An' th' shepherd sez so, same as me."

"But, Father William—," I began, and he caught me up at once.

"Do ye not gi'e me none o' y'r back-answers," he said, "f'r I'm an ole man an' couldn't never abide they. Look inside me door: ye won't find nothin' wrong there. I ain't a man o' secrets, an' ye what's me neighbour ain't no call for any. I'm honest, an' likes them what's honest for me neighbours. Do ye tell that fool of a boy o' yourn to cut th' 'edge down an' I'll be a fr'en' to ye agen, an' neighbourly, like what I've allus been. There ain't nobody what shets 'isself up 'bout 'ere, an' ye ain't no right to do ut neither."

—Then, as though to prove his last words, Father William returned to his cottage and slammed the door violently.



PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1904: AS SEEN BY R. C. CARTER.  
III. "SEA MELODIES."

With profound apologies to Mr. H. F. Draper.

*Aphrodite*

*Up-to-Date.*



Drawn by FRANK DOBBS.

*My Aphrodite sits alone, content,  
Between the sunshine and the sea ;  
Perhaps she guessed some pencil meant  
To give her, ere the summer went,  
A sea-flower's immortality.*



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MUCH has been written, especially in America, in connection with the centenary of Hawthorne. There is general agreement that Hawthorne is the greatest of American writers, but much more interest was shown in the Emerson centenary last year than in the Hawthorne anniversary of this. Yet, says a writer in the *Century*, Hawthorne will be remembered when Emerson is only a name. It is claimed for Hawthorne that his themes are of supreme and universal moment, that he rises to their meaning and depicts them in commensurate form. Mr. Le Gallienne declares that Hawthorne is the greatest literary artist that America has yet produced, not even excepting Poe. Then he is unquestionably an indigenous product, a genuine American writer. Most other American writers might just as well have been born in England, but Hawthorne is as American as Thackeray is English. Is there any quite complete edition of Hawthorne's works, an edition that takes in all the *Fravel Notes*, the *Life of Franklin Pierce*, and other minor productions? The biographies of Hawthorne are unsatisfactory, but a complete collection of his letters, duly annotated, would be of permanent value.

Is the short story improving? A writer in *Harper's* replies in the affirmative, and takes a very optimistic view. He says that in substantial value, artistic workmanship, and variety, the short story has steadily advanced during twenty years. The development can be appreciated only by those who have given special attention to the subject. In a general way and quite unconsciously, it is appreciated by magazine-readers, for, among these, it is the readers of short stories who constitute the vast majority, and who could not be held by mediocrity of talent. The love story, it is claimed, has emerged from its old chrysalis, and more than any other kind of story it has been diversified in the numberless species in much of which the primary romantic note is veiled, not so much heard as overheard.

On proposing the toast, "The Literature of the Scottish Borders," at the banquet of the London Scottish Border Counties Association, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle made some noteworthy remarks on Scott. He said that, whatever theme or personality Scott took up, his comprehensive and sympathetic brain enabled him always to make it his own, and to recreate it so as to be easily realised by anybody. In this respect Scott had a supreme gift unequalled by that of any novelist in the world. Sir Conan Doyle had a good word to say for "Count Robert of Paris," a book of which, so far as I know, Professor W. M. Ramsay is the only champion. He told of a scientist who had spent all his life in a profound but not very profitable study of Ancient Byzantium. At last, he read "Count Robert of Paris," whereupon he declared that, whereas his lifelong efforts to know the ancient city and its life had met with little success, here was a Scotch lawyer who in the pages of a novel made the city to live and its people to move about before his very eyes. But, great as was Scott's literary work, the real work that he did was that which he performed before he obtained fame, when he rode from farm-house to farm-house collecting those ballads—the real folk-lore of the people—which he brought together, and many of which but for his efforts might have been lost. In that work Scott had, perhaps, done more for Scottish literature than when at Abbotsford or Edinburgh he penned his great romances.

Wilson's "Tales of the Borders" are well known to Scottish readers, but very few know anything of their originator. It is just a hundred years since John Mackay Wilson was born in the little

Berwickshire town of Duns. He took to journalism, and, after varied experience in London and Edinburgh, became editor of the *Berwick Advertiser*. He began his "Tales" in the pages of that paper, and, stimulated by the success of the Chambers' in Edinburgh, conceived the idea of issuing them in weekly numbers from his office. He claimed to give for sixpence what had up till then cost about twelve shillings. The circulation reached thirteen thousand within a year, a great figure for those times, but success came too late for Wilson, and he died at the age of thirty. The publication of the "Tales" was removed from Berwick to Edinburgh. Mr. Alexander Leighton was engaged as editor, and contributions were secured from Hugh Miller and other well-known writers. The "Tales" are still, in one form or another, current in Scotland, and, if they are not remarkable for their literary merit, they have a distinct historical value.

It was remarked of the late Sir H. M. Stanley, during his last visit to New York, that he stood all the time with his back to the wall

during receptions, instead of standing out where people would pass behind him. Lady Stanley laughingly explained that this was an old habit contracted in Africa; that Stanley always stood with his back against a tree or a barricade when brought in contact with the savages, and it had become such a habit with him that he took that position no matter where he was. During this visit, a well-known American writer had a pleasant conversation with Lady Stanley one evening after a dinner-party given to the explorer. She spoke of the amount of slang used by American women, whereupon one of the ladies sitting near her said, "My dear Mrs. Stanley, you do us injustice. American women do not use slang nearly so much as English women do. Why, if I used a word of slang, my husband would jump on me with both feet."



RIVAL EDITORS: MR. AND MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR.

Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.

Next month we are to have new novels from Barry Pain and Bernard Capes. Mr. Pain's book is entitled "Lindley Keys," and is described as the story of an imperfect hero. Mr. Capes' book, entitled "The Extraordinary Confessions of Diana Please," is the story of an adventuress who managed to get herself involved in some noteworthy events in Europe at the end of the eighteenth century.

O. O.

In the annals of journalism there is probably no career more interesting than that of Mr. T. P. O'Connor. When, in 1870, at the age of twenty-two, he decided to try his fortune in London, the clever young Irishman could hardly have anticipated such a successful progress as has fallen to his lot. As journalist, littérateur, and Member of Parliament his name is known throughout the Empire, and even those most bitterly opposed to him in the world of politics are numbered among his friends and admirers. The *Star*, the *Sun*, and the *Weekly Sun* would have satisfied most men as the results of a life's labour, but "Tay Pay" had other worlds to conquer, so *M. A. P.* and *T. P.'s Weekly* followed and won as conspicuous a success. Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, who has recently taken over the editorship of *Chic*, is by birth an American, and well known in the theatrical world as a clever playwright and charming actress, her play, "A Lady from Texas," in which for a time she took the principal part, having proved a success both in London and the provinces. Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor have a delightful old house in Chelsea, and there they entertain hosts of literary and artistic friends.

## SIX NEW BOOKS.

**"ACCUSED AND ACCUSER."**

By ADELINE SERGEANT.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

This—which seems, up to the moment of going to press, to be the latest of Miss Sergeant's ever-lengthening list of novels—is a pleasant story, concerned rather with the development of character than with exciting incident. Both Eleanor West, the accuser, and Dr. Christopher Kelvedon, the accused, are well drawn. The Doctor is the guardian of the spoilt little heiress,

Nina Davenant, of whom Miss West is the devoted friend and companion. The vain and selfish Eustace Trafford poisons Miss West's mind against Kelvedon, his own cousin and benefactor, to the extent of making her think him practically the murderer of her father, as well as the embezzler of Miss Davenant's money. It all comes right in the end, and Eustace is suitably mated with the melodramatic Pauline D'Esterre, Kelvedon's first love, who had jilted him to marry a wealthy financier. But much happens before that—a runaway marriage, a train snowed up in the Yorkshire moors, when Kelvedon and Miss West devote themselves heroically to the poor women and children, a moving death-bed



MR. RICHARD BAGOT, AUTHOR OF  
"CASTING OF NETS."

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge

scene, and the full revelation of Kelvedon's numerous good deeds. Through the whole story moves Eustace's mother, Mrs. Trafford, conventional, rapid, and foolish, yet dignified by the strength of her maternal love. But the book is most notable for the entirely charming picture of Eleanor West's filial affection for her unfortunate old father. This is described with real insight and human feeling.

**"A WEAVER OF WEBS."**

By JOHN OXENHAM.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

Unlike so many writers whose tales of adventure lack consecutiveness and are but a collection of thrilling incidents strung together on the merest thread of possibility, Mr. Oxenham certainly understands the art of construction, and affords the reader the satisfaction of perusing a complete, well-rounded narrative. As the setting for the central figure—a man of wild deeds, unscrupulous and brilliant—the author has chosen a wild district, the Balkans, and, given that lawless land, the story keeps well to the probabilities. The burden of three identities is supported by Count Alexander Svarzas, and, although the reader is not slow to perceive the relationship between the Count, the brigand Constantine, and Chakri Pasha, he is none the less anxious to follow the neat unravelling of the threads so dexterously woven by the author. The Nicaraguan Ambassador's garden-party at the beginning of the story is well touched in, but the characterisation of the women is not a strong point. With the exception of the Dowager Duchess of Malplacet, they are somewhat inanimate figures.

**"THE MAKING OF A MAN."**

By LACON WATSON.  
(Brown, Langham. 6s.)

The Temple has witnessed the making—and unmaking—of a good many men, and has served as the background of a good many stories. Mr. Lacon Watson has before now shown us how familiarly he is able to deal with those who inhabit such classic territory. Here he introduces us to four men: a budding barrister, a mildly humorous parson, an unhappily married strong man and cynic—whose wife we are not allowed to see—and a decadent poet, whose manners are vile, whose methods are virulent. It is not an easy task to say which man among these Mr. Watson has "made." The parson, such as he is, has reached a sort of completeness before the story begins; the embittered Henderson is unmade at the end, and the crash of murder with which the narrative closes is, at best, a poor "making" of the miserable March. By a process of exclusion, therefore, we are led to suppose that we have been privileged

to follow the fashioning of a man in Sugden, hero of a tame enough love-story, whose early struggles as a barrister are mercifully cut short by his romantic accession to a moderate fortune. It is all pleasant enough—even the murder—but not very convincing. The idyllic nature of the book as a whole consorts but ill with its violent close; but this last episode, whereby a certain strength of purpose on the one hand, and of eccentric character on the other, are boldly indicated, will do something to redeem Mr. Watson's latest effort from the charge of mere ineffectiveness.

**"THE O'RUDDY."**

By STEPHEN CRANE AND  
ROBERT BARR.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

The pathetic interest claimed for "The O'Ruddy" by Messrs. Methuen inasmuch as "Mr. Crane was engaged on it when he died, and it is finished by Mr. Robert Barr" may have some weight with a curious and sympathetic public, but such an interest alone will not carry the book, and there is no other. The novel is worthy of neither of its authors, lacking the reality of the work of the one, the swing of the work of the other. Artificiality is not a thing to grumble at in a story of the period when Ireland was *terra incognita* to the English and the Irish "barbarians" or "savages," but there is an artificiality that is entertaining, a reflex of the times, and an artificiality that is merely artificial. Mr. Crane and Mr. Barr hesitate on the border-line, and, wavering, produce but pinchbeck romance. To liken "The O'Ruddy" to an Irish "Three Musketeers," as the publishers do in their summer announcements, even though it be only on the ground that its chief characters form a trio that it is impossible to defeat, is unwarranted by manner, scarcely warranted by matter. The O'Ruddy has certain of the D'Artagnan tricks, an ever-ready and all-conquering sword, sufficient confidence in himself to make him a braggart and to win him his desire, and the support of a couple of trusty, if in this case stupid, friends, but there the resemblance ceases. The Irishman has none of the fire, little of the dash, little of the natural wit of the Gascon, and he is no more worthy to rank with Dumas' immortal creation than are Jem Bottles and Paddy to be mentioned in the same breath as Athos, Porthos, or Aramis. For the rest, it may be said that the story is a medley of duelling and love-making, brawling and intrigue, seldom lifted out of the ruck of commonplace.

**"FISHING."**

Edited by HORACE G.  
HUTCHINSON.  
(Newnes. Two Vols.,  
12s; 6d. each.)

Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, have published at the *Country Life* offices a big work on fishing, in two volumes, illustrated with a number of interesting head and tail pieces and dozens of capital full-page photographs concerning angling. The editor, Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson, has secured some valuable contributions by well-known authorities such as Mr. R. B. Marston, Mr. G. A. Boulenger, and Mr. F. M. Halford. It is obvious that two volumes, even if they contain a thousand pages, cannot deal thoroughly with all sporting forms of angling and give a scientific account of the fish into the bargain. Nevertheless, there is a great deal of matter readable even to those who fancy themselves experts on particular topics, and Mr. Halford's articles are delightful. The series of photographs of fly-casting will probably surprise some anglers and will upset their ideas as to what happens in the air. The coloured plates of flies are so good, one is tempted to emulate Oliver Twist and ask for more. A particular interest is given to the work by some photographs of living fish actually feeding, such as one of a group of perch and a very hungry kelt. Altogether, despite its shortcomings, "Fishing" is a book for every angler's shelf.

**"THE LITTLE VANITIES OF MRS. WHITTAKER."**

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.  
(F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

Mrs. Whittaker is a remarkable woman. Born of simple, middle-class parents, she resolves at the age of twenty to become a great teacher. After passing all manner of examinations and taking what Mrs. Stannard calls "numberless degrees," she resolves at the age of thirty to get married. Alfie Whittaker, who is "something in the City," is weak-looking and pretty, of a pink-and-white, wax-doll type, with shining fair hair and rather watery blue eyes. At the age of forty, having given birth to two daughters, Maudie and Julia, Mrs. Whittaker dedicates her life to them, not in a commonplace way, but developing their own originality and independence of mind largely by leaving them alone while she herself works at the Society for the Regeneration of Women. She has a competence, and believes that she possesses the whole heart of her Alfie, now become portly and prosperous. Like a bombshell comes into her life the suspicion, deepening to certainty, that he is unfaithful, that there is a "hussy" for whom he buys bracelets and whom he dines at the Trocadero; but she does not think of blaming him—her one idea is to win him back. Mrs. Stannard shows us this poor lady going about from *modiste* to *couturière*, dancing attendance on a Harley Street specialist in obesity, and, for the first time in her life, having her hair done properly—all to make herself once more attractive to Alfie. Suffice it to say that all comes right in the end, and a very amusing story it is, told in an extremely effective, dry manner.



## THE HUMOURIST AND THE HEAT-WAVE.



"What sort of beer do they sell here, Guv'nor?"  
"I dunno. Look at me for tenpence-'alfpenny."

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

THE HUMOURIST IN THE STREET.



MOKE: If he plays that "Hiawatha" again, blowed if I don't kick the whole show to matchwood!

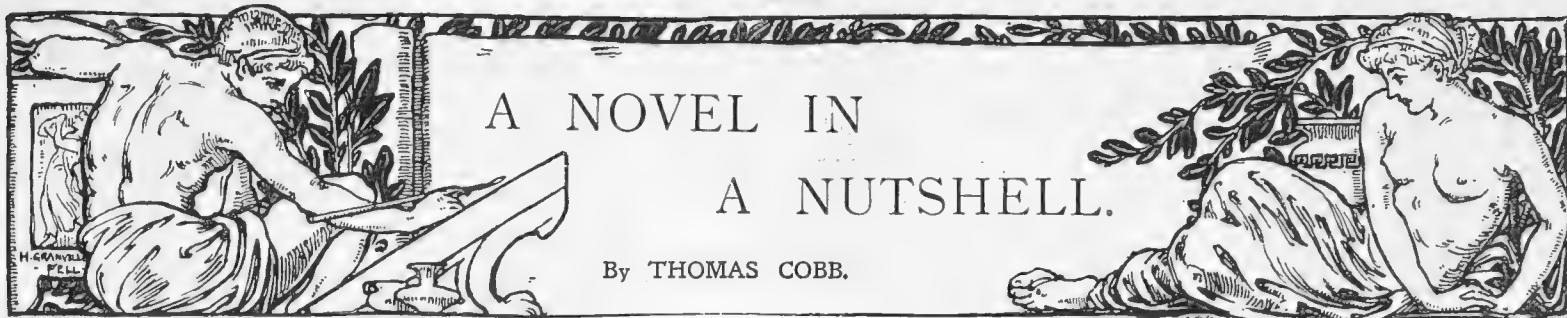
DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.



*Holiday Types. By Dudley Hardy.*



I.—THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK.



## MISS LINDSAY'S CHEF-D'ŒUVRE.

ONE July afternoon, an alert-looking young man was bicycling along a secluded country road, when the rain, which had been threatening for some time, began to fall in a torrent. As he quickened his pace towards the small town a mile and a-half distant, he saw on his left a desolate cottage, the remnant of a row of six, with grimy, distempered walls, a thatched roof, and every appearance of poverty and decay.

Glad, however, of any port in the storm, Dubison at once dismounted, rested his bicycle against the wall, and tapped at the door, which was opened by a short, spare woman of seventy. Her face was thin and furrowed, her hair snowily white, her cotton dress patched and shabby, but spotlessly clean.

Raising his wet cloth cap as he asked for shelter, Dubison was bidden to enter. In the fireplace the flames from a few sticks of wood licked the sides of a kettle, on a deal table was a small, much-darned napkin, with a cup and saucer, a chipped plate, and a crust of bread.

"Perhaps," suggested Dubison, "you could let me have some tea?"

"If so be you could drink it without milk," answered Mrs. Waghorn, who had only a pinch of tea left out of the last ounce. How she continued to support existence, even with the small sum of her weekly outdoor relief, nobody quite understood; and, indeed, the Guardians had been insisting that her time had come to enter the workhouse.

While she watched the kettle, Dubison, seated on a rickety chair, gazed about the poverty-stricken room, his attention being presently arrested by a picture which hung above the mantelshelf, flanked by one or two framed daguerreotypes and mourning-cards.

The picture was about two feet in height by eighteen inches in width, with a broad maple-wood frame; the portrait of a quaint-looking girl, seven or eight years of age, plainly clad, with bare feet, and long, straight, thin black hair. Rising from his chair as Mrs. Waghorn filled a brown earthenware teapot, Dubison began to examine the canvas more closely.

"Upon my word," he muttered, "it looks uncommonly like a David Sortain."

Quick of hearing in spite of her age, Mrs. Waghorn paused with the tea-pot in one hand, the kettle in the other.

"Why," she exclaimed, "if that isn't the name of the gentleman what painted it!"

"It must have been a long time ago," remarked Dubison, with his hands on the mantelshelf, while he still gazed at the picture; "Sortain has been dead nearly twenty-five years."

"Ah, it was more than forty," was the answer. "My dear gal died at twenty—the year we had the scarlet-fever so bad."

"How did Sortain come to paint your daughter?" asked Dubison, scenting the material for an article as he poured out his tea.

"We used to live further out of the town in those days," she explained; "and we had a bigger cottage in my husband's time—pulled down these many years. One spring-time Mr. Sortain came quite unbeknown—just as you've come to-day—and asked for a lodging. Two months he stayed painting about the neighbourhood, so that we grew friendly like, and before he went away he took Sarah's portrait, and it's hung before my eyes ever since."

Above the lower portion of the frame Dubison fancied he could distinguish the top of what might prove to be David Sortain's signature, and familiarity with the Master's work convinced him that he had discovered a specimen of Sortain's earlier, simpler, and better period.

With evident reluctance, Mrs. Waghorn permitted him to stand on a chair and remove the picture from the wall, when he found that the canvas was kept in the frame only by a few long nails. After considerable persuasion, Mrs. Waghorn consented to their removal, and at the foot of the now frameless canvas, in the extreme left-hand corner, Dubison saw the signature with the characteristic flourish beneath it. Having replaced the canvas in the frame and re-hung this above the mantelshelf, Dubison bestowed a half-crown on his astonished hostess.

"You know," he said, "you are the owner of a great treasure."

"Ah," she answered, "you may well say that! No one can tell what it's been to me all these years."

"I should think it would be worth close upon a thousand pounds," said Dubison; and Mrs. Waghorn stood on the threshold, staring incredulously after him as he mounted his bicycle and rode towards the town. For, although Sarah's portrait was quite invaluable to her, Mrs. Waghorn could not grasp the fact that it could possibly possess

the slightest interest for anybody else in the world. Re-entering the cottage, she already began to feel a vague kind of uneasiness, as she put on her bonnet and shawl with the intention of spending a portion of Dubison's half-crown. Sitting, with a strong cup of tea before her, later the same evening, her thoughts went back to that spring-time forty years ago, to her husband, to Sarah, and the lodger who painted out-of-doors for several hours each day and smoked his pipe with John every evening—a young man who may have been clever, but who was certainly poor, whose name she had not heard since the morning he left her cottage.

As for Dubison, he rode to the best hotel, and, having dined, sat in a corner of the smoking-room writing a column describing his visit to the cottage (with various embellishments) and the treasure therein discovered. A few days later, a copy of the journal containing the article found its way to Mr. Ruston, the leading auctioneer of the town—a Guardian of the Poor, whose watchword was Economy.

The identification of the cottage and the old woman was perfectly easy, Dubison having imparted a realistic touch to his story by mentioning the names of actual places, and, if Mrs. Waghorn was in truth the possessor of a genuine David Sortain, the notion of her admittance to the workhouse was nothing less than preposterous! Although Mr. Ruston might not have been competent to recognise such a work, he knew its value as a marketable commodity, and, a few hours after breakfast, intent on the prevention of a gross fraud upon the ratepayers, he set out to the cottage.

In replacing the frame, Dubison had shifted the position of the nails, to allow the straggling signature to be more distinctly seen, and the circumstances seemed to prohibit the idea of an imposture.

"So, I understand, you're in luck's way?" he said, rubbing his hands.

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir," was the rather pitiful answer.

"Come, come, you're the owner of a masterpiece—a veritable masterpiece!"

"It's just my Sarah as a gal," said Mrs. Waghorn, gazing up at the canvas with a sigh.

"Understand," answered Mr. Ruston, "I've no wish to hurt your feelings—not for a moment; but you can't be allowed to go on receiving public money while you've got a thousand pounds of your own. The fact is, you must sell that picture—"

"Sell—sell Sarah's portrait!" cried Mrs. Waghorn, drawing nearer to the mantelshelf as if for its better protection.

"Bless my soul, how can you afford to keep it?" Mr. Ruston demanded. "Now, try to act like a sensible woman—"

"I don't know about sensible," she said, "but I won't sell Sarah's portrait."

The bare suggestion seemed to shed desolation over her life. Scarcely able to read, her chief enjoyment during the long days was to sit beneath the picture looking back to the time when Sarah used to run in and out of the cottage-door. She could remember as distinctly as if it happened yesterday how that the child had stood in the garden while Mr. Sortain painted, telling his small sitter all manner of whimsical stories to beguile the time. Mrs. Waghorn could still recollect one about a duckling which had turned out a swan.

As soon as Mr. Ruston had left the cottage, she climbed on to a chair, as Dubison had done the other day, to take down the portrait. When she had affectionately kissed the face, she carried it into the adjoining bedroom, which was little more than a cupboard. Taking off her apron, she wrapped it carefully around the canvas and placed it beneath the patched straw mattress.

When Mr. Ruston came again, two days later, and saw no sign of the David Sortain, he began an urgent but not entirely unsympathetic remonstrance. But, although he could understand Mrs. Waghorn's reluctance, duty, of course, must be done; the old woman was, in fact, a capitalist, able to end her days in affluence, and the idea of her continuing to receive a weekly dole at the expense of the ratepayers was monstrous—monstrous! Mrs. Waghorn, however, showed the most irritating and narrow-minded obstinacy, and thus the war—the war between the Board of Guardians and the old woman—began. They might do what they pleased. If they chose to stop her money, she couldn't help it; she would far sooner starve than part with her beloved picture.

In truth, this was what she almost did, for Mr. Ruston carried with him the majority of his colleagues, and not only was it determined that Mrs. Waghorn must not be admitted to the workhouse, but the out-door relief which she had received for some years was suddenly stopped.



Although one or two sympathetic neighbours came to her aid, the old woman's face grew more and more pinched, her eyes appeared to sink farther and farther into their sockets, when one afternoon she received a visit from Miss Lindsay.

Miss Lindsay was forty-five years of age, and since her seventeenth birthday, as she frequently remarked, had devoted herself to art. She lived in a nicely furnished house at the farther end of the town, where every foot of every inner wall was covered with her handiwork—oil-paintings, water-colours, sepia drawings, the work of well-nigh thirty years. At intervals she journeyed to London, where she expended a small fortune in cab-fares as she carried her canvases vainly from one picture-dealer to another. Twice she had succeeded in securing the admission of still-life studies into small provincial galleries, but both had been, in due course, returned. On one occasion, however, a group of rhubarb and apples had received two lines of notice in a local newspaper, the cutting being at present framed with an enormous margin and hung in Miss Lindsay's bedroom. Everyone with whom she could scrape acquaintance was compelled to make a tour of the other rooms in the house, the lavish encomiums she received on such occasions causing her to marvel more and more at the lack of judgment of picture-dealers and the wider public. She knew that she possessed all the feelings of an artist, whereas she had assuredly spared no pains to give them expression.

Of course, the story of Mrs. Waghorn's war with the Guardians had reached Miss Lindsay's ears, and, having befriended the old woman before to-day, she set out to the cottage, where, with some difficulty, she persuaded Mrs. Waghorn to exhibit the David Sortain. To tell the truth, Miss Lindsay would scarcely have been impressed by the portrait if her mind had not been suitably prepared. In her opinion, it was far too grey and cold; she preferred a more florid style—she considered it more poetical.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Waghorn," she exclaimed, "I want you to do me a great favour."

"I won't sell Sarah's picture," was the answer.

"No, no," said Miss Lindsay; "but you wouldn't like to starve, would you?"

"I won't sell Sarah's portrait!"

"Still, now that horrid Mr. Ruston has stopped your money, you must have a tight pinch. What I wish is to pay you so much every day while you let me make a copy—"

"You don't touch Sarah's portrait!"

"I don't wish to touch it," said Miss Lindsay. "There's not enough light here, but I could manage very nicely in your back-garden. It would take five or six days, and I am willing to pay you two shillings a day. That would be a great help, you know."

Mrs. Waghorn certainly did know—far better than anybody else. Ten shillings would enable her to hold out still for some time against her adversaries, and, having at last satisfied herself that the picture need not on any account go out of her sight, she agreed that Miss Lindsay should begin work the following morning. Punctually at half-past ten a fly stopped outside the cottage, containing Miss Lindsay, her easel, a folding-chair, a mahl-stick, and an enormous paint-box, as well as two canvases. These having been carried to the small patch of ground which had been described as a back-garden, Mrs. Waghorn brought out a chair for herself, put on her grey shawl, and finally took the painting from its hiding-place under the mattress.

Fortunately there was a spell of fine weather and the work went on uninterruptedly from day to day. Every afternoon Miss Lindsay made a point of taking the incomplete copy away, although the easel and so forth were left at the cottage. Even when her work appeared to be finished, she would not at once submit it for Mrs. Waghorn's criticism, but stood it to dry in the attic which she called her studio.

The copy resembled the original as closely as a circular piece of silver tinsel may resemble the full moon in a clear sky, but Miss Lindsay had made an immense effort to catch the likeness, and there it was: hard, flat, and staring. She felt, however, more than satisfied with the success of her undertaking, and when she had covered the canvas with spirit-varnish and put it in a gilt frame she carried it again to the cottage. Having by this time gained Mrs. Waghorn's complete confidence, Miss Lindsay easily persuaded her to permit a comparison of the two pictures; so, locking the outer door, she placed them side-by-side on the mantelshelf.

Standing a little in the background, Miss Lindsay surveyed them with her head on one side and a smile on her face, while Mrs. Waghorn's eyes shone with delight. The copy not only far outshone the original, but it also bore a closer resemblance to Sarah, whose skin had certainly been more ruddy than David Sortain had painted it. In Miss Lindsay's work, too, there was a certain boldness of treatment which the other lacked, a more distinctly defined outline. In the one case you had undoubtedly a representation of an ordinary child; in the other something more elusive and spirituelle, certainly extraordinary.

"It's a lovely picture," murmured Mrs. Waghorn. "Quite lovely, I call it."

"But do you—do you think it's as nice as the old one?"

"Why, it's ever so much cleaner and nicer," was the answer. "But then, of course, it's new."

"The question is," said Miss Lindsay, "whether you would as soon have my portrait as David Sortain's."

At this suggestion Mrs. Waghorn began to look doubtful. While the new picture strongly appealed to her, there remained the important fact that she had grown old in the company of its predecessor. Still,

when it was pointed out that she might keep the recently painted picture, with all its brilliant freshness, and yet secure enough money to end her days luxuriously in the cottage, Mrs. Waghorn began to waver, and before Miss Lindsay departed the result of her labours had been hung securely above the mantelshelf. Although the old woman looked somewhat regretful when she saw the portrait in its maple frame being wrapped in brown paper, she felt, on the whole, almost satisfied with the exchange, and when Miss Lindsay offered the loan of a sovereign the last doubt was removed.

"You understand," said the visitor, "this is a loan, and when you receive your money I shall expect to be repaid."

She had not left the cottage, with the David Sortain under her arm, more than twenty minutes when a fly stopped at the door and an important-looking man of middle age, wearing a grey frock-coat and a tall white hat, tapped with his umbrella.

"I understand," he began, when Mrs. Waghorn appeared, "that you have a picture—"

"I won't sell it," was the prompt reply. "It's my Sarah's portrait."

"Yes, yes, my good woman," said the man; "I quite understand. But I hope you will allow me to look at it." As she still seemed unwilling, he put a florin in her hand, whereupon Mrs. Waghorn stepped back, allowing him to enter the cottage. "Now, where is the picture?" he demanded, putting on a pair of eye-glasses and staring straight at Miss Lindsay's work.

"That's Sarah's portrait," exclaimed Mrs. Waghorn, not without a trace of pride in her voice.

"That! Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, in profound disgust.

"It's as like Sarah as two peas," said Mrs. Waghorn.

"Ah, yes; thank you. I am much obliged," was the answer, and, as he re-entered the fly, he took off his hat, wiped his forehead, and began to mutter. "Odd that one can never put the slightest trust in those newspaper fellows! Half-a-day lost and a journey for nothing!"

In the meantime, Miss Lindsay, looking more self-satisfied than she had ever looked before, stood in Mr. Ruston's private office, holding the David Sortain.

"I must say," cried the auctioneer, "that you have displayed the most remarkable tact in dealing with the old soul!"

"It is not a question of tact," said Miss Lindsay. "You understand that I have painted Mrs. Waghorn a copy which she very much prefers to the original. She is perfectly contented, and, as I do not wish to go to London at present, I thought perhaps you would undertake the disposal of her old picture."

Mr. Ruston had no objection whatsoever, and, indeed, the sale could not have been left to anyone more competent. Having gained his end and succeeded in averting a grave public scandal, he could afford to be magnanimous; so he took the train to London, where he agreed to leave the picture on approval for a week with one of the most renowned dealers.

Before the time had expired, Mr. Ruston paid another visit to the cottage, where Mrs. Waghorn received him somewhat antagonistically.

"Well," he began, "and how do you like your new work of art?"

"I won't sell Sarah's portrait," she answered, doggedly.

"I promise that no one shall ever trouble you by suggesting such a thing again."

"Thank you kindly!" cried Mrs. Waghorn. "I'm sure all I want's to be let alone."

"Still," he urged, "you must come with me to the bank—you see I've brought a fly for you. The David Sortain has been sold—nine hundred pounds."

"Nine hundred pound!" she gasped, and Ruston feared she would faint.

"Come, come; you must pull yourself together," he insisted. "I am waiting to take you to the bank, and whenever you want any money all you will have to do is to draw a cheque. The nine hundred pounds will last longer than you. Now," he added, "be quick and put on your bonnet and shawl."

When she had sufficiently recovered her self-possession, she retired to the inner room to do as Mr. Ruston suggested; but at the latest moment some of her previous distrust returned, so that she insisted that he should leave the cottage first, while she carefully locked the door behind her.

The folks stared to see the old woman driven along the High Street by the auctioneer's side, and he even offered the very necessary support of his arm as she entered the bank, and, subsequently, the manager's room, where, with considerable difficulty, she signed her name in a large ledger.

The manager gave her a book containing twenty-five cheques, one of which Mr. Ruston at once filled in for five pounds, so that she might begin to realise to some degree her newly acquired riches. Altogether, it was a great day for Mrs. Waghorn, but, alone in the cottage that evening, the complete understanding of the series of occurrences remained entirely beyond her capacity.

She need no longer dread the workhouse, nor even depend on outdoor relief; she had suddenly been endowed with unimaginable wealth, and, above everything, she still retained possession of Sarah's portrait, with the assurance that no one in the future would attempt to take it away. Henceforth, as the weeks passed, Mrs. Waghorn found her neighbours much more "chatty" and sociable than before, while Miss Lindsay not only came frequently to the cottage, but often brought her friends to inspect what must always be regarded as her *chef-d'œuvre*.

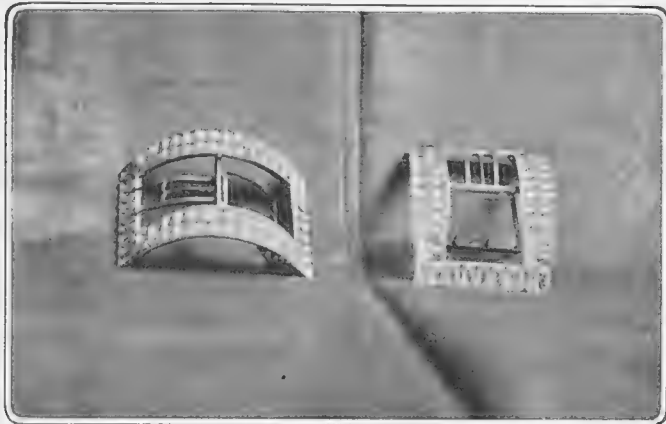
THE END.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE London actors are either holiday-making or are looking forward with keen delight to escaping from the heat of the city, while their less fortunate brethren who look to work in the provinces to supply them with the means whereby they live are preparing for the tours which start in the course of the next two



DAVID GARRICK'S BUCKLES, WORN BY SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM DURING HIS RECENT REVIVAL OF "DAVID GARRICK."

*Photograph by F. St. John Lacy.*

or three weeks. Mr. Tree and Mr. Alexander are already resting in the spots they have chosen to brood upon their respective prospective productions, while Mr. Frederick Harrison is thinking of his motor-tour through the country when the Haymarket is put into the builders' hands. Mr. Cyril Maude will spend his vacation with Mrs. Maude and his children, shooting, riding, fishing, and boating, and Mrs. Maude is already at Bexhill recovering her strength as rapidly as may be. Miss Mary Moore intends to go to Switzerland, where she has for some years past recuperated at St. Moritz and Vulpera. Other holiday-makers away from home are Mr. Edmund Maurice, who will go salmon-fishing in Norway, and Miss Annie Hughes, who goes to Normandy. Miss Lilian Braithwaite is in Sussex, and Mr. Frederick Kerr, who hardly looks upon being out of an engagement as a holiday, will go to one of the seaside resorts during August. While the Imperial keeps open, Mr. Lewis Waller has to content himself with week-ends at Shepperton, where he has a house, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier have also to remain near town while the Garrick keeps open. Where they will holiday-make may be a matter for further consideration though hardly for publication, for Mr. Bouchier regards holidays only as holidays when spent where letters cannot find him, telephones cannot ring him up, and telegrams are unknown. Anyway, his holiday will not be a long one, for on the last Monday in August he is, with Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, producing a new play at Brighton for a week.

Considerable interest has been manifested everywhere since it was announced last week that Miss Ellen Terry is to act in the new play which Mr. J. M. Barrie is writing. It will seem strange for a generation accustomed to regard Miss Terry as the High Priestess of the Costume Drama to think of her in a play by one of the most modern of our writers. It must not, however, be forgotten that before her association with Sir Henry Irving, or rather, before her appearance at the Court in "Olivia" and one or two plays which preceded that long engagement, Miss Terry had often acted modern characters and had won a remarkable success as Lilian Vavasour in "New Men and Old Acres," a play, by the way, whose merits were first discovered by Mr. Kendal when it was called "Love or Money" and was sent in to be considered by Mr. Buckstone, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, where Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were at that time engaged.

It may be, of course, that, as in the case of "Quality Street," Mr. Barrie may have chosen a costume setting for his play. We shall know before the end of the year, when the play will be produced at the Duke of York's after the run of "Merely Mary Ann." Whether the setting be modern or antique, it is probable that Miss Terry will have a part "right down her street," to use the theatrical expression. If only events could bring it about that Miss Marion Terry were included in the cast, we should be given the opportunity of making a comparison between the methods of the woman who has long been crowned Queen among our actresses and the woman who is regarded by many critics as the finest actress on our stage.

Both the Haymarket and the Imperial close after Saturday evening's performance. The former Company will, as previously announced in *The Sketch*, reappear early in the autumn at the New Theatre in

Mr. Louis Parker and Mr. W. W. Jacobs's new farce, in which Mr. Maude will play the part of a bargee; the latter will re-open with the present bill while they rehearse a new play in the period of Charles II., in which Mr. Waller himself will play the Merry Monarch.

The buckles shown on this page were worn by Sir Charles Wyndham in his recent impersonation of "David Garrick" at the New Theatre. They have a curious history, for they originally belonged to Garrick himself, afterwards passing into the possession of the great actor's brother, Mr. Peter Garrick, who gave them to his sister, Mrs. Docksey. That lady's husband, coming under the influence of an attorney named Panting, was persuaded to part with the buckles, and also to make a will which was successfully contested in the Courts by Mrs. Docksey. This transaction led to the attorney's downfall, and he sold the buckles to a jeweller in Lichfield, from whose grandson they were purchased by Mr. Eille Norwood, a leading member of Sir Charles Wyndham's Company. Hence the appearance of Garrick's own buckles on the shoes of his present-day impersonator.

Miss Lena Brasch is a clever young actress better known in the Antipodes than in this country. She is an Australian by birth, and in her native land has made a considerable name. In Mr. Tree's recent revival at His Majesty's of "The Last of the Dandies" she played Lady Carrollby. If Miss Brasch had not elected to become an actress, she might have achieved fame on the concert-platform, for she is a pianist of no mean ability.

The courtesy of the managers of the regular theatres in lending their stage is one of the characteristic evidences of good-nature and bonhomie which are so conspicuous in the realm of Behind the Scenes. So long as the stage is not required by the manager himself, it is invariably lent to the first comer. In many cases, the electric-light burnt is not charged for, while chairs and tables needed for the furnishing of the stage are also freely lent, even from among those used in the current play, so that the actors may rehearse all their movements with certainty and not go to their performances with only a general idea of what they are going to do. Indeed, whatever amateurs may think to the contrary, it makes a great deal of difference

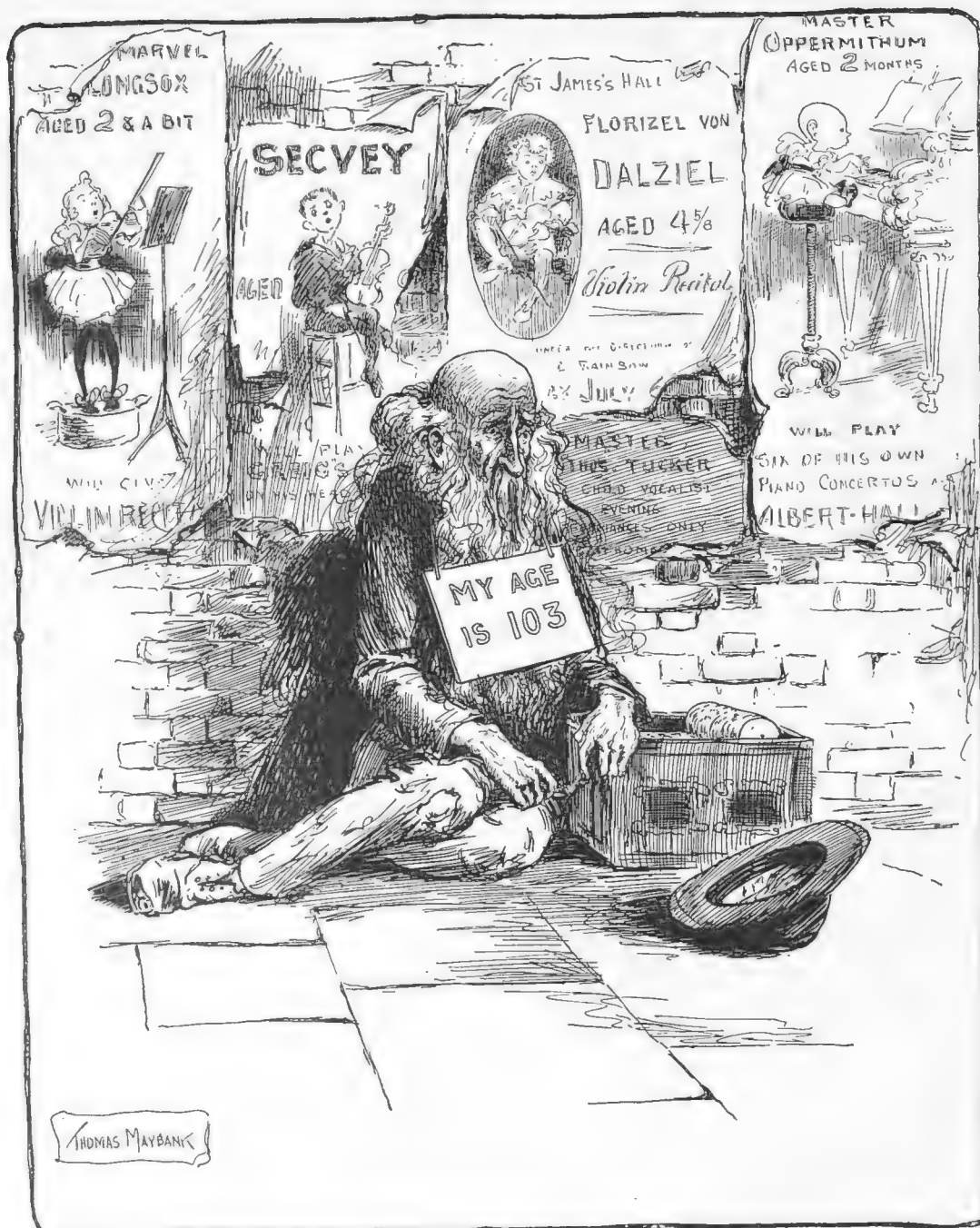
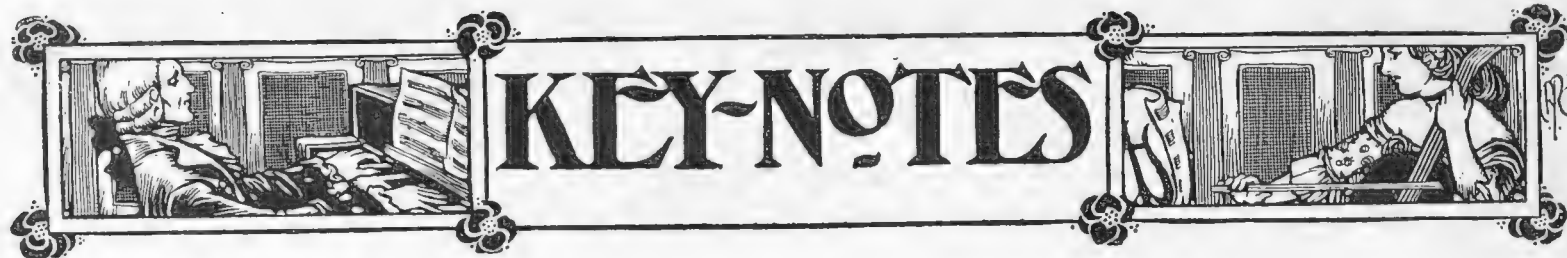


MISS LENA BRASCH, A YOUNG AUSTRALIAN ACTRESS WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

*Photograph by J. Caswell Smith, Oxford Street, W.*

to the professional actor whether his colleague on the stage sits or stands at a given moment, and a reversal of the pre-arranged method would in more than nine cases out of ten be a matter of serious inconvenience.





"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS."

*A Reflection after the past Concert Season.*

THE concert season in London is now practically over; and, indeed, within the last few days very little music has been heard, and at Covent Garden the announcements of the last performances are boldly printed on the programmes. All things considered, it has been a really brilliant season, and for these last few performances we have been enjoying many old favourites. On the last night of the season Madame Melba was settled to appear in "La Bohème," and so the season of 1904 will close with one of the most attractive programmes we could wish for.

At a concert given at the Bechstein Hall on the 11th inst., in aid of the Infants' Hospital, a most interesting début was made by yet another young child-prodigy, this time a little girl, Miss Marion Harrison, who is a remarkably clever violoncellist. Miss Marion Harrison, who was accompanied by her sister, Miss May Harrison, is a little girl with a wonderfully bright, intelligent face, and it was amazing to note the strength with which she handled her enormous instrument, as well as the suppleness of her tiny wrist and a wonderful intonation which showed none of the signs of childhood about it. She has a faultless ear, and therewith an absolutely correct intonation. She does not play like a child, but like one who has experienced many years within the circle of the world of music. On the same occasion, Miss Alice Nielsen sang very charmingly "Voi che sapete" and Tosti's "Good-bye," accompanied at the pianoforte by Mr. Henry Russell,

while Mrs. Grantley Norton sang capitally some Matabele and Zulu songs to her own guitar accompaniment. Perhaps to our ears they sounded somewhat comical, for, as Kipling has it, "East is East, and West is West; and never the twain shall meet." We understand that the Hospital will benefit quite considerably by the concert, a collection having been made during the course of the afternoon by many young girls.

Mr. Karcsay, the "Hungarian-Gipsy" violinist, gave a recital a few days ago at the Bechstein Hall, which was attended by a very large number of his compatriots, who were naturally most demonstrative in their appreciation of the violinist. There is something very attractive in Mr. Karcsay's playing, even though he surrenders himself entirely to his instrument, swaying and rocking his figure according to the melody he is interpreting—a malady most incident to fiddlers! He has a rich tone, and though at times it is very sweet, it is not often very refined. In his playing of Schumann's "Träumerei" he was very charming; his phrasing was quite delicate, and, in fact, he seemed to be in full sympathy with the music. In his rendering of the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger" he was not quite so successful. In Hubay's "Hungarian Fantasy" Mr. Karcsay was more at home, throwing himself with almost physical enjoyment into the wild, impetuous music, which evidently delighted the greater number of his audience. Miss Helen Hulme was the vocalist of the afternoon, and sang songs by Brahms and Rubinstein with much effect, and Miss Agnes Gardner Eyre played piano solos, her rendering of Schubert's "Rosamunde" proving to be a very finished interpretation. She was no less successful in works by Saint-Saëns, Grünfeld, and Chopin. Mr. Gustave Ferrari was the accompanist.

Miss Antonia Dolores gave another recital on the 10th, which proved so successful that she has announced a further one for the 20th inst. Miss Dolores is a very charming singer with real artistic feeling. In her rendering of Handel's "Lusinghe piu Care" she was quite at her best, her phrasing being particularly good; for, indeed, this is a song which is calculated to display the purity of a voice rather than any deep emotion. She also sang Mozart's "Ah! lo so" very beautifully indeed. She was very charming, too, in her interpretation of Massenet's "Les Oiselets." Miss Dolores has a very sweet voice, cultivated to the last degree.

Last Thursday, at the Salle Erard, Mr. Leon Zagury gave a Matinée Musicale, at which he was assisted by Madame Beatrice Langley and other artists. Madame Langley played two sections from Schütt's Duet for Violin and Pianoforte, and she certainly showed a more than considerable mastery over the violin. Perhaps she was just a trifle monotonous, for she seldom undertook to vary the spirit of her playing, and though we had constant changes from "fortissimo" to a not very refined "piano," she did not give one any impression of that noble variety which should attend all interpretations of fine violin compositions. Her ear, however, is perfect; she does not know what it is to play a false note, and therefore if only she would impart a little more real emotion into her music she might do very much better than she does at present. Hers, of course, is a rare art; but the critic cannot choose but desire that she should make it rarer by studying more deeply the meanings of the music which she undertakes to play. Mr. Leon Zagury has a fine voice, at times brilliant, always strong, but also occasionally inclined to drift, very slightly indeed, off the pitch. He is, however, a thoroughly good singer.

COMMON CHORD.



*Some Interesting Experiments—Summer Clothes—To Prevent “Furring”—Circuit des Ardennes—Mrs. McCalmont.*

THE bubble of burst tyres and their alleged terrors was most effectually pricked by Messrs. Selwyn F. and Cecil Edge on the Firework Terrace of the Crystal Palace on the 12th inst. In the best interests of automobilism it was high time that some steps were taken to allay the scare, set up chiefly by irresponsible chauffeurs and partly by ill-informed reporters, with regard to the accident-provoking effects of bursting pneumatic tyres. What M. Baudry de Sauvier, writing in that excellent paper, *La Vie Automobile*, sought to do by the quoted evidence of well-known automobile experts, Mr. S. F. Edge effected practically at Sydenham upon the date I have quoted above. Bidding between forty and fifty representatives of the lay and technical to bear witness, Mr. Edge and his cousin drove a racing-car (a 90 horse-power Napier) and a 15 horse-power Napier touring-car over surfaces bristling with puncturing agents in the form of numerous two-inch-steel spikes, boards studded with the blades of joiner's chisels business-ends upwards, and the jagged fragments of beer and soda-water bottles.

Although even a thousandth part of the puncture-material there spread would have at once effected all the puncturing and bursting in the world on a dark, wet night, yet it was not until Mr. Cecil Edge had driven the 15 horse-power Napier three or four times over the chevaux de frise that one of his tyres deflated. When it did so, no swerving or swinging of the car was noticeable to the observers gathered about, nor did Mr. Cecil Edge feel any deflecting effect when the rim came down upon the ground. Mr. Selwyn F. Edge then drove his 90 horse-power Napier—the car which suffered so much ill-luck in the Gordon Bennett race last month, over the prepared obstacles, puncturing and instantly deflating the big tyres on his near-side steering and driving wheels. The almost instantaneous flattening of these tyres produced absolutely no effect upon the direction of the car, although at the moment of deflation the car was running at forty-five to fifty miles per hour. Then Mr. Edge essayed what might be thought an even more dangerous experiment yet. The inner tubes were withdrawn from the interiors of the near-side steering and driving covers, and Mr. Edge, accompanied by his smart engineer, Macdonald, drove up and down the Terrace as fast as he was able, to show what would happen if the covers left the rims when the car was running at speed. It was not until the intrepid driver swung the car fiercely from one side of the Terrace to the other that the driving-tire suddenly left the wheel, the steel rim crashed on to the gravel, and, while the cover flew along ahead of the car, the vehicle failed to swerve in the slightest degree, effectually disposing of all the wild stories that have gathered round the alleged effects of burst tyres.

The question of suitable motoring-garments for the wearing of both sexes, in such tropical weather as we have been so strangely blessed with of late, is as difficult of solution as that which surrounds the winter problem. Desiring to preserve one's garments in a condition suitable for entering the coffee-rooms of decent hotels, the dust is the enemy against which one has to guard. For the sterner sex, whether sitting or driving, there is nothing more efficient, cooler, or more comfortable than the close wraps, or overalls, made in cr. am-coloured, drab, or tan; linen, or natural tussore silk. These wraps should button up close round the neck and over the collar, should have wind-cuffs in the sleeves, and should descend to within six or

eight inches of the ground. They should be cut very full in the skirt, so that there may be no drag over the knees when sitting and driving. They should be double or plastron breasted, and should button inside as well as out. Garments of a similar description, though, of course, of smarter design, serve excellently for ladies, and are best made with a fairly voluminous hood, to draw lightly round the neck. This hood, if properly cut, serves to keep the dust from the hair, a great desideratum with the fair sex.

I was asked only the other day how best to remove the “furring” or deposit which sometimes gathers upon the surface of the innumerable tubes which go to make up the modern honeycomb or cellular radiator. If care is taken never to introduce anything but rain-water into such radiators, no such “furring” will ever take place; but, if this cannot be done conveniently and hard water has to be used, the tubes in the

radiators employed with engines which exhibit a tendency to overheat will sometimes show signs of deposit. In that case, the radiator should be washed out by pouring a weak solution (five per cent.) of ordinary sulphuric acid and water through it several times, when the deposit will be found to have disappeared. If radiators are properly proportioned to the work they have to do, then the water passed through them for cooling should never approach the boiling-point, and until a temperature of 212 degrees is attained even very calcareous water will not throw down deposits.

The great race of the Circuit des Ardennes, which once fell to a Panhard car with our own Charlie Jarrott at the helm, approaches apace, and, by the

number and variety of the different makes of cars entered, promises to be far and away a more interesting race than the Gordon Bennett. It is to be regretted that no Napier car will figure in the contest, but England will be represented by one or more Wolseleys, and that Girling may enjoy better luck than visited him in the Taunus is all our desire.

Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts forward me a most interesting little book in which is given a graphic and well-illustrated description of the scaling of Snowdon by an Oldsmobile steered by Mr. W. M. Letts. In this climb, made as was that of Mr. Harvey Du Cros, per the track of the Mountain Railway, Mr. Letts drove the staunch little car over the junctions and points and drains, and did not have them bridged as did his predecessor. The car must, therefore, have come in for an awesome bumping.

Mrs. McCalmont shares her son-in-law Lord Vivian's love of motoring, and it may be asserted that there is at present no such youthful-looking grandmother driving her own 40 horse-power Panhard. Mrs. McCalmont comes of famous sporting stock, for she is one of the daughters of Sir Henry de Bathe. She is a good horsewoman and has always been fond of driving. Of late she has often stayed with Lord and Lady Vivian at their pretty place near Windsor, though she has herself a choice of fine country places. Lady Vivian, who had her first baby, a little daughter, last week, is the popular hostess's only child by her first marriage. Most lady owners of motor-cars make a point of driving them themselves, and they have singularly few accidents, perhaps owing to the superiority of the oft-decried feminine nerves over those of mere man.



MRS. MCCALMONT (WITH LORD VIVIAN) ON HER FORTY HORSE-POWER PANHARD CAR.

*Photograph by Brooks.*



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Conditions—The Long Pull—The Liverpool Cup—Goodwood—Silks.*

OWNERS are beginning to complain of the conditions of many of the weight-for-age races, which are ambiguous to say the least of them. I have always contended that the Clerk of the Scales should be responsible for the weight carried by every competitor in the race, and he, and not the owner, should be compelled to calculate the weights for the card. It is monstrous that the public, who often pay exorbitant prices to attend meetings and bet on races, should lose their money over animals that have been disqualified after winning with the wrong weight in the saddle. Every Clerk of the Course should be compelled to keep a correct record of the running of all horses in training, to be at the service of the Clerk of the Scales, whose duty it should be to see that the weights carried were the correct ones. Owners have quite enough to do to look after entries, scratchings, &c., without being bothered with details as to penalties and allowances, and I think they have done this work long enough. One thing is absolutely certain: if officials were responsible for the weights, the conditions of future races would be simplicity itself. Anyway, there would be an absence of the irritating objections we now see.

The Birmingham publicans are suffering pecuniarily from the long pull, so are many backers just now. It is the habit of some of the old-time jockeys to take a pull at their horses previous to one long run in, but I think the practice a very silly one, and one that is likely to put any thoroughbred out of his stride. Sloan taught us that races over any distance should be run through from end to end without a break, and the theory about top-weights being nursed was exploded by all the American jockeys, who won again and again by making all the running on the top-weights. Again, it is not reasonable entertainment to the public to see horses crawling for the first mile and a half, and then doing a mad rush in the last half-mile of a two-mile race. I have often thought that the time-limit might be applied to horse-races, as is done in the case of cycling-races. It would certainly ensure the public seeing better sport, and it may in time reform the old-fashioned riders who go in for a rest on the wing.

There should be a big attendance at the Liverpool Meeting, but the racing will not be overexciting. Mr. W. S. Gladstone, the popular Clerk of the Course at Aintree, who, I am sorry to hear, is far from well, is an enterprising official, and he believes in offering big prizes, with a view to attracting the best horses to his meeting. I think there will be a good average field for the Liverpool Summer Cup, and the winner may take some finding. The Hon. George Lambton has only Flamma left in of his lot, and this filly is very likely to go close. She ran a respectable fourth to Pretty Polly, Montem, and Pierra for the Coronation Stakes at Ascot. Her weight for the Cup is 6 st. 6 lb. only, which could be reduced to 6 st. 1 lb. with Rollason in the saddle. She is very handy at the turns, and certainly ought to be placed. Court Scandal is the great Irish tip. He ran third to Huntly and Pace Egger colt over the course at the Spring Meeting for the Union Jack Stakes. I have a great fancy for Likely Bird, who on the book holds Foundling safe. I think Mr. Sullivan's horse will win, and Williams Hill should get a place. Mr. Sullivan, by-the-bye, is an Irish lawyer who won the Cambridgeshire with Winkfield's Pride and again with Berrill.

Everything points to a most successful meeting at Goodwood, and it is good news to visitors to be told that all the carriages will this year be allowed through the Park, both on the up and the down journey, as the road leading up to Tweedle Hill is not fit for use at the present time. If this should meet the eye of the local governing bodies on the line of the direct Portsmouth and Brighton road, I hope they may be induced to ply the water-carts freely during the Sussex fortnight, to save poor motorists and cyclists from being choked with the chalk-dust to be found in such quantities thereabouts. As I have before stated, the racing at Goodwood promises to be far above the average, and I predict a record field for the Stewards' Cup. On the present occasion the "draw" will make very little difference to the result, and betting should therefore be brisk. From the latest information to hand, I think the winner will spring from Dumbarton Castle or Delaunay; the latter is said to be the sole hope of Newmarket. He is a very smart colt and looks all over a weight-carrier.

I notice that some of the trade-papers are advising motorists to give up the wearing of leather suits, as they say these are very unhealthy. I am of the same opinion, and I think silk under-clothing, with a flannel suit, would be the best clothing to wear when riding in a motor-car. Silk is worn in Canada in the winter and in India in the summer, and our jockeys could tell how a silk jacket will keep out the cold with the thermometer at zero. It is only natural that the cloth-manufacturers should view with disappointment the prevailing fashion amongst motorists of wearing leather garments, and I am told that an attempt is to be made to manufacture a cloth substitute. Such an innovation would be welcomed by all seekers after health and comfort, but, in the meantime, I hope someone will give the silk a trial. On the score of expense, my suggestion would probably compare unfavourably with the cost even of leather, but I am certain that, once tried, it would be always adopted, and its general adoption would help to revive a fast-dyeing industry in this country.—CAPTAIN COE.



LILLEY THE FAMOUS WARWICKSHIRE WICKET-KEEPER.

*Photograph by Bolland, Hanwell.*

he makes himself, and he has never begged and never come into conflict with the police. Some years ago he was persuaded to enter an asylum for old men, but he could not stand the confinement.

At the Battle of Jena, the 1st Regiment of Prussian Hussars had its standard captured by the French, and the trophy has just been discovered by a collector at Potsdam in an old curiosity shop. The purchaser made a present of the standard to the Emperor William, who has instituted an inquiry as to how it is that this standard, which was captured on Oct. 14, 1806, by the troops of Marshal Lannes, came to be discovered in a Prussian bric-à-brac shop ninety-eight years after it was lost. The strange part of the affair is that the trophy seems to have been for many years past in the shop without anyone recognising it as the standard of the Prussian Hussars.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

If every woman in London, with many another out of it, is not at the present moment in possession of one or more "unprecedented bargains," it is certainly not the fault of the tradespeople, who have simply abased their prices to vanishing-point this month. Rarely, too, have the fashions been more uniformly picturesque, and girls have caught the trick of wearing the old-world scarves, demure pelerines,



A YACHTING-DRESS FOR THE SOLENT.

[Copyright.]

delightful little frilled capes, and gauze-stringed Reynolds hats as daintily as ever did that Master's adorable originals. The Cavalier hat was a charming innovation, and inexpressibly smart when it made its first appearance. But, like every other attractive item of sartorial commerce, it speedily became overdone, and has by now descended from its once high places to the fifteen-and-elevenpenny stage of social decadence.

In the autumn we are to be recommended the Directoire style of outdoor garment, and modistes are already studying plates and pictures of bygone days, in which the plain but very full skirt appears, that, with a short train at the back, still rests on the floor all round and necessitates the use of both hands to hold it up out-of-doors. This is correctly surmounted by a quite short and very full sacque-coat, while, to carry out the effect, a shady hat with flounced veil hanging therefrom crowns the whole. The coiffure of curls which failed to catch on here is again to be tried. Crinoline, if not actually thrust down our throats, is to be forcibly cast over our forms, and, altogether, the most extravagant developments are foreshadowed. Already fashionable skirts measure twelve yards around, so the silk and stuff manufacturers are doubtless rejoicing. When the sheath-like skirts of four Seasons back are recalled, which almost required a shoe-horn to get on—or into—the swing of fashion's pendulum, it is realised, must, like the Marriage Service, ever end in amazement.

At this season of universal packings-up it is useful to remember that some dresses are eminently packable, others the reverse. Linens,

for instance, show every crease and fold, while cotton frocks are deplorably impressionable and display as many wrinkles after one day's wear as a grandam's face. Nun's-veiling does not "shake out" as readily as might be, while alpaca, being a hard material, is also most apt to record its impressions of travel in deep-seated creases. Quite the best summer-frocks for standing change from one house or hotel to another are the soft cambric muslins and silks of which there is such endless and enviable variety just now, flannels of every species, whether thin, middling, or thick, and, of course, serge in all its dear, familiar grades. Now that skirts are made apart from their linings, the art of packing successfully becomes infinitely easier, and one can face the ordeal of seeing one's beloved possessions disinterred at each journey-end without feeling that a flat-iron is the only possible remedy for their mangled state.

The bathing-costumes of this year of grace wax more and more seductive, and I have seen *ensembles* prepared for Trouville, Dieppe, and Ostend which might melt a heart of stone. A white serge long-skirted blouse, with a pink serge bolero, cut very short and bewitchingly frilled and gold-buttoned, was a nautical poem in itself. A delicious pale-green serge had a mauve bolero and bands of the same—dare I write it?—on the abbreviated knickers!

A third outfit of gold-coloured linen had arabesques of Turkey twill all over, and looked, what it was, excessively French, while the most original of all was made of unshrinkable printed flannel in a gay Persian pine-pattern on a cream ground. Jewellery is even worn in the water, at all the smart seaside places bangles and gold neck-chains completing the mondaine's marine altogether.

Ireland and Holland are coming in for an increased amount of tourist attention year by year, and this season hundreds of good folk for whom the Emerald Isle has hitherto only had a distressing political significance are amending their ignorance and learning what a picturesque, not to say charming, neighbour has stood by their gates



A GARDEN-PARTY FROCK OF SPOTTED MUSLIN.

[Copyright.]



unknown too long. Holland holds a trump-card amongst oversea watering-places in delightful Scheveningen, with its unrivalled white-sand beach, which stretches five miles along the coast, and picturesque environment generally. The New Palace Hotel, just erected, is justified of its name, and, in fact, out-palaces all other possible rivals. As a convenient centre, Scheveningen is capably placed for the restless traveller and motorist of these restless days, being well within a twelve hours' journey from London, Paris, and Brussels, while the roads to it are as excellent as the accommodation on arrival.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**JUNIPER.**—Genoa is quite modern and very well off for hotels, but you will probably find a primitive state of things in many of the inns you stay at *en route*. As a practical antidote to many minor evils of the kind you name, a tin or two of "Izal" will be found useful; and you might also fortify your dressing-bag with some of the "Izal" soap. It cures insect-bites and disinfects generally.

**AMBROSINE.**—The shops are overdone. Why not qualify as an official expert in clothes and get attached to the Courts, as suggested by one of our Judges? I agree with him in thinking it offers a very good opening for women.

SYBIL.

#### A NEW GUIDE TO SCOTLAND.

"Munro's Tourist Guide to the North of Scotland and West Highlands, including Glasgow, the Clyde, and Central Highlands," amply fulfils the promise of its somewhat encyclopædic title. Its hundred and forty-four pages cover a considerable district, and cover it with commendable thoroughness. Few will cavil at its author's claim that it is "unique in at least three respects—in its profuse and artistic illustrations, its cheapness, and the amount of useful and historic information it contains." Of a certainty, it is an excellent twopennyworth: to parody the cheap-jack's inducement to possible purchasers, the map alone is worth the money. The guide is published by the proprietor, Mr. Henry Munro, at 10, Crown Street, Aberdeen.

The Collard Shield is a magnificent silver trophy competed for annually by teams from Rhodesia, Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal, and, owing to the similar conditions of the contest, it has been aptly described as "The Elcho Shield of South Africa."

It was recently won by the Transvaal team, under the captaincy of Major C. E. Collard. The Arms of each Colony appear on the shield, together with a panel enclosing a representation of a Briton and Boer surmounted by the figure of Peace. A special feature is the modelled figure of a Rand Rifleman standing in a recessed alcove hollowed out in the background. The shield was designed and manufactured by Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London and Sheffield, and supplied through their Johannesburg branch (Public Library Buildings).

A small concert given recently at the Brinsmead Hall served to introduce to the London public Mr. Wallace Shakespeare, who is the possessor of an agreeable tenor voice which is remarkable more for its sweetness than for its strength. His singing of Brahms's "Wir Wandelten" and the same composer's "Ständchen" showed that he had studied his art with great care. Mr. David Bispham sang three songs by Madame Schumann exceedingly well, and other vocalists were Miss Perceval Allen, Madame Sandon, and Mr. Edmund Cooper. Miss Dora Robinson and Mr. William Shakespeare were the accompanists.

Since its foundation by Charles Dickens more than fifty years ago, *Household Words* has kept in the forefront of periodicals largely by reason of its varied contents, ranging from bright and absorbing fiction to items of sound and useful information. It will be remembered that some little time ago the paper was bought by Mr. Hall Caine, and

subsequently passed under the management of his son, Mr. Ralph Hall Caine. Now, however, this historic periodical has been acquired by Edward Lloyd, Limited, and in future Mr. Thurgood Catling will exercise editorial control, assisted by the advice of his father, Mr. Thomas Catling, the well-known editor of *Lloyd's News*. The first numbers issued by the new management fully maintain the great reputation of *Household Words*.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce that cheap excursions will be run from Euston, Broad Street, Kensington (Addison Road), Willesden Junction,

Woolwich, Greenwich, and other London stations as follows: Every Wednesday to Blackpool, Lancaster, Morecambe, English Lake District, and Furness Line stations; every Thursday to Shrewsbury, Hereford, North, South, and Central Wales, and Cambrian Line stations, Buxton, Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Chester; every Friday midnight to Douglas (Isle of Man) via Liverpool; every Saturday to Douglas (Isle of Man) via Fleetwood (from Euston only); every Wednesday and Saturday (from Euston only) day trips to Stratford-on-Avon. In connection with the latter trips, tickets will also be issued covering coach-drive from Stratford to Warwick and Kenilworth, passengers returning to London from the last-named station. Many other excursions will also run and week-end tickets will be issued to the principal pleasure resorts in England, Scotland, and Wales. Full particulars can be obtained at the Company's stations and town offices.

This handsome solid silver cup was presented by Sir Thomas Lipton for the first Ocean Yacht race from New York to Marblehead. Of Elizabethan design, the leading idea embodied is the realm of Neptune and the influence of the Winds. On the base are four caryatide figures, symbolising the Ocean; the two handles are winged figures, bearing aloft the wreath of Victory; the four heads forming part of the cover represent the four Winds, and over all soars the American Eagle. The cup was designed and manufactured by Elkington and Co., Limited, of 22, Regent Street, London, S.W.

One of the most important items in the summer train improvements this season is the running of a non-stop express between Paddington and Plymouth, both up and down, each week-day by the Great Western Railway. The distance run without an intermediate stop is two hundred and forty-six miles—fifty miles longer than any other non-stop run—and the journey is performed in four hours twenty-five minutes. The Great Western has always been famous for its express-trains, and these are so popular that sobriquets such as the "Flying Dutchman," the "Zulu," &c., have been given to the trains by travellers and others. Mr. G. A. Sekon, Editor of the *Railway Magazine*, recognising the utility of a popular name for a famous train, is offering a money prize for the best title for the new non-stop London-Plymouth express, and Mr. J. C. Inglis, the General Manager of the Great Western Railway, has consented to award the prize to the name he considers most suitable.



THE COLLARD SHIELD.



A SPLENDID TROPHY FOR THE OCEAN YACHT-RACE.



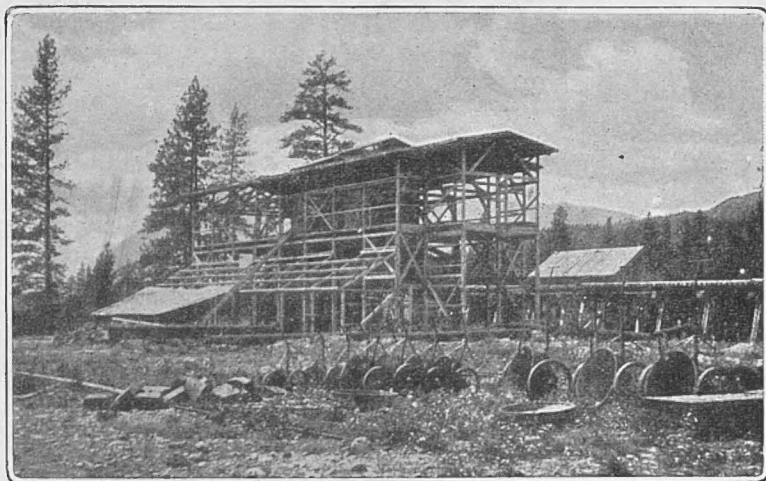
## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 26.*

## MERE CHATTER.

**D**URING the last day or so the Stock Exchange has been comparatively cheerful, and even Kaffirs have joined in the general gaiety. This is saying a good bit when we remember that of late it has been customary for the South African corner to go on sagging, however much any other market might have a little flip.

It would be weary work to go over the causes which have been operating to keep the stock markets down, and we have so often



BRITISH COLUMBIAN MINING.—MARYSVILLE SMELTER, FORT STEELE MINING DIVISION: FURNACE-SHED.

expressed our views, that it is unnecessary to review at length the effect of the glut of high-class stocks, the limited number of the people content with the low rates of interest available in this class of security, the uncertainty as to Chinese labour proving a success, and the possible effect upon the Transvaal of a change of Ministry here, to say nothing of many other factors which ought to be considered; meanwhile, more borrowing is in sight, and the expected issue of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway has been advertised.

A 5 per cent. Bond at 97½, carrying part of a profit-sharing certificate, and secured upon a railway which will run between the most important Treaty Port and the vast city of Nanking—to say nothing of the unconditional guarantee of the Chinese Government, given with the sanction of, and recognised by, our own Foreign Office—ought to be attractive to those persons who are prepared to accept ordinary commercial risks for the prospect of a reasonable profit. Short of a general scramble for, and universal war over, China, the Bonds appear to us a very good investment.

The Water Companies are evidently not destined to cut up the price of their undertakings without some friction, and the ball has been opened in the case of the Preference stockholders of the Chelsea Waterworks. The holders should certainly sign the requisition necessary to oblige the directors to hold the class meetings, and, as their interests are in the safe hands of Messrs. Slaughter and May, they may congratulate themselves on the reasonable prospect of getting more than at first seemed probable. The proposal of Messrs. Slaughter and May's clients to bear all the cost of fighting the matter for one quarter of the improved price obtained, is so eminently fair that no Preference stockholder should be foolish enough to withhold his support, unless he has a larger interest in Ordinary stock to serve.

## YANKEES.

After having been consistent bulls of Americans for the past couple of months, we admit that the market now looks quite high enough to make the chance of reaction very probable. Granted that the United States public are taking a more active hand in the market, it has yet to be remembered that the rise has been almost entirely manipulated by those who are pining for an opportunity to unload. To dispose of well-secured Bonds is an easy matter, although we have in front of us a little prospectus giving particulars of six Bond-issues, for fairly heavy amounts, that are being offered on this side. Yet for the well-known and gilt-edged loans the American market has no difficulty in finding purchasers. With the stocks it is different. Most people know how the "bosses" of Railroad finance are loaded up with scrip of various kinds, and that a freer market like that now existing is a golden chance for them to hand over the baby for the public to hold until the next scare comes along and they can repurchase cheaply. There are elements still, however, which can easily be utilised as further bull-pegs to hoist the market higher, but we should say that the holder would do well to be satisfied with the profit he can make by selling his shares now.

## THREE COPPER SHARES.

What price would Rio Tintos be if the market were suddenly shorn of the bear account? Much higher, no doubt, if all the shorts were compelled to close their accounts; much lower, possibly, if such a course were not made incumbent upon them. Intrinsically, Rios are hard to justify at 50, but while the Metal Exchange brokers go on selling small bears what time Paris persistently buys the shares, the price may improve to 55, and we should not be at all surprised if it did. There is a kind of subacid humour in the situation that would have charmed the father of Tristram Shandy, and which has its amusing side to anybody who does not happen to be out of Tintos. A Copper share which we hear from America is going to be put better is the Boston Consolidated. The New Yorkers have steadily mopped up all the Utah shares which came to market for months past, and Bostons have risen from about 13 to their current price of about 18. There isn't much of a market in them, but it is always possible to "get on" in both directions. What to think about Etruscan Copper puzzles wiser heads than our own, but, since many of the shareholders bought them much dearer, they will, no doubt, prefer to await developments before selling at the present low level. Still, we must own that we feel very sceptical about the property whose performance has been so different from what its sponsors promised.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

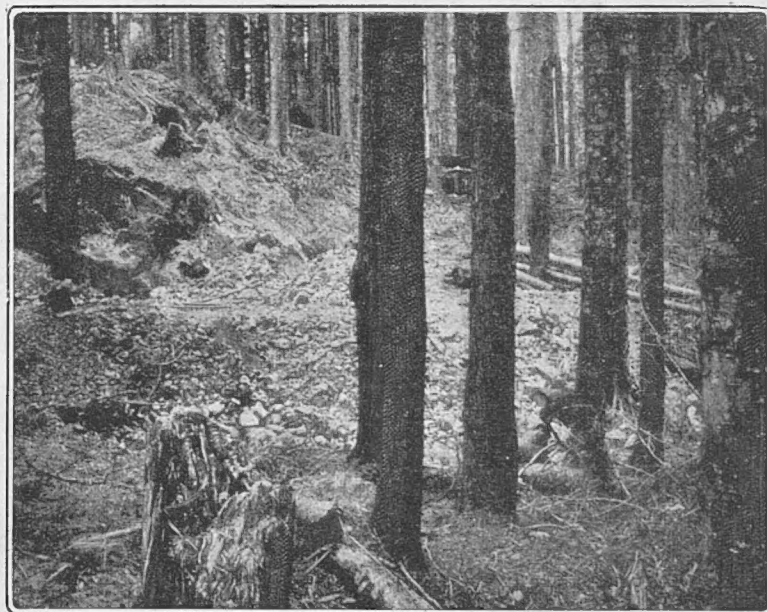
## The Stock Exchange.

Up here, in the Stock Exchange Writing-room, there is always peace. It is in a subdued whisper that the man opposite you apologises when he kicks you on the shins; it is with bated breath that you covertly swear when you make a blot on the blue notepaper. The atmosphere might be hotter, and the hum of the breathless markets down below rises with a sort of soporific effect. In one corner a man who is supposed to make his living by jobbing in the Kaffir Circus is correcting proofs; others are busily writing, and there is a fearful temptation to speculate upon what they find to say, and to wonder whether other men are also born with a too slow imagination in concocting excuses for delay in payment of bills. The heat becomes more oppressive, and you feel yourself nod, nod, nodding fast, when you upset a full bottle of ink and blankly wonder what on earth induced you to do, on that particular morning, a pair of light-coloured—However, these are no lines for ladies to scan, and, as I know that one, at least, reads these jottings religiously, to see what kind of secular amusements her husband may be drawn into when in the City, I will, for his sake, draw a veil over what happened after the incident of that ink-pot. Suffice it to say, this article—I mean, this Letter, and not the sartorial affair—has to be concluded in a humbler home than the Writing-room of the House.

Never read over what you have written until you come to the end, and not then unless circumstances absolutely compel you to. Why? Because, don't you see, if you read a thing through after writing part of it, you are probably seized by a spirit of destruction, and want to start all over again. After this explanation, it should be tolerably evident why I should not think of looking through the last paragraph.

Rumours are in circulation to the effect that the Big Houses have closed their bears of Kaffirs. Next week I suppose we shall be told that the Sea Serpent has closed his bear of shipping shares. Forasmuch as the Big Kaffir Houses are about the only support that the market has, the yarn concerning their bear operations smacks of the Great Gooseberry, although it certainly seems tolerably evident that one firm has been indulging in bear sales of its own shares. No doubt the indictment would be indignantly repudiated if put point-blank—I should rather like to do it, but the weather is quite hot enough without stirring up libel actions—and if a man sells shares which he actually holds, the mere fact of his intention not to deliver fails to constitute him a bear. The point is, perhaps, a debatable one, and I leave it to other people to decide. Dozens of people have sold Kaffirs during the last few years who have no intention whatever of delivering, and who are still taking in the shares at a comparatively low rate of interest. They will repurchase all in due time, but not until evidence forthcomes of a general improvement. Their operations all help the bear account in Kaffirs, but some people say these sellers are not real bears. In one sense they are not, and yet in another they are: the heat forbids my further venturing into the question.

Seldom indeed does it fall to the lot of any bondholders to receive as much as £17 10s. per cent. on their holdings, and yet this is what the proprietors of Puerto Cabello and Valentia Debentures have just been paid. Seven half-years of arrears have now been cleared off in one fell swoop, and there are only about three



BRITISH COLUMBIAN MINING.—OPEN CUT ON JUNE GROUP, QUATSINO SOUND.



half-years left for which the interest has not been distributed. The price of these 7 per cent. Debentures is about 86, *ex* those coupons, and I have good reason for thinking there is still a probable improvement left, although the quotation has been quietly rising some time. But, then, I must plead guilty to incorrigible optimism as regards most of the South American Railways. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary remains a great favourite, and the price will unerringly go to par, while the Buenos Ayres Western stock is the cheapest investment stock, *qua* investment, to be found in that market. Argentine Rails slipped out of the speculative area for a month or two, and the more timid bulls have been getting out; but, now that stocks have taken an upward turn, those who made money out of them before will infallibly come back and try to repeat the experiment. "Roseys," I repeat, will go to par.

From the number of inquiries which one receives regarding Boulder Perseverance, it would almost seem as if some bucket-shop or other were puffing the shares. I put myself out of court as a critic by candidly confessing much darkness of ignorance concerning the backstairs intrigues of that beautiful market, but I should be very sorry to advise anyone to buy Boulder Perseverance. A man I know over the water assures me, in a private capacity, that the mine is indeed coming to the end of its best resources, and this information squares with the rumours said to have been put about by the wicked bears, simply for their own rascally benefit. And, what is more, Oroya-Brownhills ought to be sold as well, although the bear account has now reached formidable proportions and a squeeze might easily be engineered for a time. The Westralian Market is only fit to keep out of, except as regards shares in the few Companies untainted with the breath of scandal, like the Kalgurli. You get fine interest on your money in this market, it is true, but that doesn't make up for the possible loss of capital that one can never be sure is not going to come. It is a favourite stock argument that the Kaffir Circus has its scandals, its swindles, its "ramps"—that South Africans don't pay the same interest as Westralians, and that the latter are therefore by far the preferable purchases. Those who use it don't seem to recognise that the latter statement weighs against, and not in favour of, Westralians, because it goes to show that more confidence is placed in South Africans than in West Australians, and people don't put money and faith into even a Mining Market with their eyes shut—not in these days. I should be the last to defend the malodorous practices which have too often obtained in the management of South African mines, and even the delightfully innocent *World* must have had its tongue in its cheek when, a few months ago, it declared that the Kaffir Circus was free from the scandal of insiders receiving first information and acting upon it before shareholders had a chance to do so. All I say is that you do get more of a run for your money in the Kaffir Circus than you do in the Westralian. And some of the South African shares are getting down to buyable levels now; almost deep-levels, one might say. Two or three months more, and the prospects point to a brighter market once again. Gold is being produced in very fair-sized amounts; that is the principal thing and one which cannot fail to tell in the end. Overpriced as Modders are, and East Rands, Rand Mines, and Gold Fields, there remain cheap shares, such as Gold Trust, Kleinfontein, Henry Nourse, and Geduld, that it will pay anybody to buy and lock up.

One of Zola's characters, the Cardinal Bocanera, says, "It is always the temptation of the devil which puts a pen in an author's hand." I wonder how that saying applies when a writer is no author at all, but only—THE HOUSE HAUNTER?

#### C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LIMITED.

The holders of Preference shares in this Company must be hard to please if they complain of the balance-sheet which will be presented to the annual meeting on the 22nd inst. The large increase which was shown in the profits for the year ending May 31, 1903, has not only been maintained, but improved upon, and the net profits for the last year amount to the considerable sum of £52,210, or, with the carry-over, enough to pay the Preference dividend four times over. The figures in the balance-sheet are also satisfactory, debtors and creditors practically balancing each other, cash at Bank standing at over £61,000, and the valuation of stock and literary matter being at such an absurdly low figure (£5797) that it is evident there has been no inflation to improve the look of the accounts. Why the 5½ per cent. Pref. shares (with no mortgages, charges, or debentures in front of them) should stand at a fraction under par is one of those mysteries of which the Stock Exchange presents several examples.

Saturday, July 16, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

OATS.—The Timber shares do not appear to be saleable. The Company has been absorbed by the combination, and the Pref. shares will get share for share, but the market does not expect the Ordinaries will get a distribution. Write to the Company and ask whether the purchase price will provide anything.

P. S. S.—From inquiries we have made, we believe the Company has between four and five shillings a share in hand, and as much more in sight. The market thinks the shares should not be sold at the present low figure.

NORFOLK.—The concern was in the nature of a swindle, and we thought the money had been returned. Send us all the papers you have—prospectus, &c.—and a shilling search-fee, and we will see how the matter stands at Somerset House.

B. E. R. I.—Your best chance is to join the reconstruction and take the liability. What you suggest may happen, but is not probable in this case.

F. B.—We must make inquiries as to the value of the first and last shares on your list. The Hopwood shares are worth about six shillings, and the Welbys about ten to twelve shillings, presuming you hold Ordinaries.

ANXIOUS.—Of your list Weldon's Pref. and Aux Classes Pref. are probably the best income-producers, but for a speculation the Cement might be bought. Presuming you want income, C. A. Pearson Pref., United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures, and River Plate Gas Ordinary would be a good selection, and safer than anything in your list.

W. D. J.—Both are fair speculative purchases, but we prefer the things mentioned in the last answer, and, for a mine, Cosmopolitan or Sons of Gwalia.

HOSPRS.—The people you mention are common touts. Have nothing to do with them.

We are asked to announce that the directors of Day and Martin, Limited, have declared an interim dividend of 6 per cent. per annum, payable on Aug. 2.

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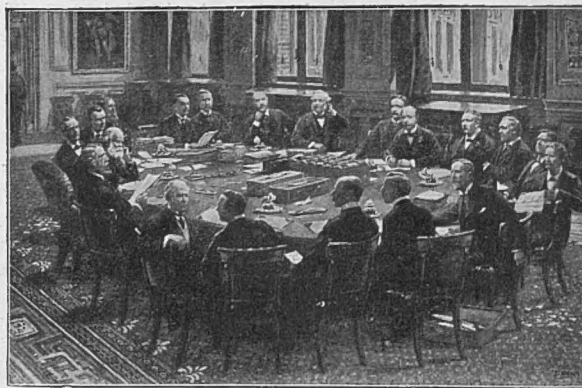
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